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ENGLAND AND CHINA.

THE prospect of a rupture with China naturally caused uneasiness; and the latest telegrams from Shanghai have produced a general feeling of relief, which will be confirmed rather than qualified by Lord DERBY's guarded declaration at Liverpool. The frivolous machinery of arbitration will be acknowledged, even by members of Peace Societies, to be inapplicable to quarrels deeply rooted in the antagonism of dissimilar forms of society. The morality, the sense of honour, the political and religious creeds of the Chinese are altogether remote from the corresponding influences which prevail in England or in Europe. Treaties dictated by force, although their stipulations may really be advantageous to both parties, impose no obligation on the conscience of the Chinese Government. A patriotic Mandarin probably holds it meritorious to screen the murderers of an English agent, although it may be necessary for politic reasons to promise redress and punishment of the offenders. War is so great an evil that it is right to rely as long as possible on remonstrance, and a significant reference to force in the background. Unfortunately the effect of unfulfilled menaces tends to wear out, and Chinese statesmen may easily mistake a disinclination to war for insincerity or timidity. In ordinary dealings with China it is impossible to adhere strictly to the rules which govern the intercourse of civilized nations. It is found necessary from time to time to apply pressure to subordinate officers, although since the conclusion of the Treaty of Tientsin English representatives have as far as possible dealt with the supreme Government as exclusively responsible for the acts of its subordinates. The Treaty itself has been systematically evaded in some of its principal provisions. Those who are most familiar with Chinese affairs attach much importance to the clause which provided that the text of the Treaty should be published in the Imperial Gazette of Peking. It is thought that the mass of the population has not yet, after the lapse of many years, learned that the Imperial Government has, under compulsion, treated with foreigners on equal terms. The audience which the late EMPEROR was forced to accord to the Ambassadors has never been recorded in such a form as to reach the knowledge of the people. Mr. WADE's principal demands have been that the murderers of Mr. MARGARY should be punished, and that the relations between the Chinese Government and foreign Powers should be made public through the Peking Gazette. In default of satisfaction he was prepared to retire from the capital; and the prolongation of his stay proves that his demands have been at least partially conceded. The principal culprit in the Yunnan murder is said to be disgraced; and it is agreed that the right of communication between foreign representatives and heads of departments shall be published in the Gazette. Mr. WADE has formally declared to his colleagues that for the present war has been averted.

Although there is always uncertainty in the future, there seems to be little doubt that English fleets and armies would overpower any force which they could in case of war be required to encounter. The Chinese have inexhaustible numbers, and the national temperament is singularly indifferent to suffering and to death; but Chinese troops have in former wars never been able to stand against European discipline. They will not have become more formidable because their Government has for some time past accumulated stores of ARMSTRONG guns and of improved rifles. The costly implements of modern war require for their profitable use

skill and experience, which are not to be found in China. The recent dispute with Japan was hastily patched up because the Government was afraid to encounter an Asiatic enemy; and the subsequent expedition against the native population of Formosa appears to have produced no considerable result. The incapacity of Chinese generals was illustrated by the collapse of the Taeping rebellion as soon as the command of the Imperial army was entrusted to Colonel GORDON. The memory of the insurrection must be fresh in the minds of Chinese statesmen; and it ought to furnish a forcible argument against a rupture with England. The causes of the rebellion are but little understood, but its temporary success proves the existence of dangerous disaffection. Another disastrous war might not improbably be followed by a renewal of anarchy, which in its turn might perhaps produce additional foreign interference. The intelligent part of the industrial and commercial classes suffer from the restrictions on trade which form a principal cause of offence. It is not for their advantage that irregular dues should be levied on imported goods, or that Englishmen should be prevented from travelling in the interior. Unfortunately the Mandarins and the graduates from whose ranks public functionaries are selected have cultivated a tradition of hostility to foreigners. In the Court and in the Government there are probably contending factions, and it is but imperfectly known whether the uncle of the late EMPEROR or his mother and grandmother exercise supreme power. The presence of an intelligent Sovereign on the throne, or the authority of a capable Minister, would furnish the best security for permanent peace. The affronts and injuries which lately rendered war only too probable may perhaps have been suggested by ignorance and caprice rather than by any deliberate purpose of offence.

Perhaps the best proof that the Chinese are not to be dreaded as enemies is the uniform preference of the English residents for a vigorous, if not a pugnacious, policy. It is easy to attribute their demands of active measures to selfishness; but they must be supposed to understand their own interests, which would be fatally affected by defeat. Their theory of native character, and their interpretation of the acts of the Chinese Government, are entitled to serious consideration, though not to blind and uniform deference. It is scarcely probable that they can be mistaken in their belief that firmness is the most effectual instrument in dealing with the Chinese. It is of course necessary that the English Minister should confine himself within the limits of justice as it is defined by treaties; but concession is, according to the testimony of all English residents in China, constantly mistaken for weakness. In Oriental diplomacy it is as easy to make a stand in the first instance as at a subsequent stage in the negotiations. It may be assumed that the opponent is seeking, not for an equitable compromise, but for any advantage which he may extort from the generosity or weakness of his adversary. In all transactions with the Chinese it is necessary to repose large confidence in the judgment of the Envoy. It is impossible that the intrigues of the Government of Peking should be even partially understood at the Foreign Office, except by aid of the information furnished by an experienced and confidential agent. Mr. WADE's long residence in China affords a guarantee for the accuracy of his knowledge, and those who appointed him and retained him in office must have relied on his calmness of temper and soundness of judgment. When he presents an ultimatum to the Government of Peking, it is the

imperative duty of the Home Government to support him by the necessary display of force. There can be but one opinion of the expediency of increasing the strength of the naval force in Chinese waters, and it may be presumed that, when a rupture seemed imminent, measures had already been taken for despatching an army to China in case of need. The merchants appeared to feel no immediate alarm for their own safety; and probably they would be able to hold Shanghai against any attack with which they might be threatened. Whatever may be the policy of their respective Governments, the European and American residents regard themselves as members of the same community.

If it is after all found impossible to maintain peace, neither the English Government nor the nation will be suspected of having wilfully engaged in the contest for reasons of ambition. Mr. CORBEN himself, if he were alive, would scarcely repeat his favourite demonstration that England was necessarily and invariably in the wrong. There is no glory to be gained by a war with China, if indeed such a motive can be supposed to have in the present day operation or influence. It is not for profit, but from regard to honour and prudence, that redress is demanded for the murder by Chinese officials of an Englishman engaged in a mission from the Crown. The complicity of the Government of Peking would have been proved if the punishment of the offenders had been refused or evaded, for there would be no hesitation in punishing private wrongdoers. There is reason to suspect that the murder of Mr. MARGARY was connected with the Government of Burmah. Although late accounts from Mandalay are confused and contradictory, there can be no doubt that the decision of the Court of Peking will affect the policy of the Burmese King, who has indeed, if a recent telegram from Simla can be trusted, unconditionally agreed to the principal demand of the British envoy. The report of an offensive and defensive alliance between China and Burmah may probably have been premature, but a rupture between England and China would impose on the Indian Government the obligation of taking vigorous precautions against hostile acts on the part of the King. It may be taken for granted that friendly communications have been made to the European Powers which are represented at Peking. Unless Russia has designs of her own in relation to the western frontier of China, the European Governments have a common interest in repressing the encroachments of Chinese officials. It has been the fortune of England as the greatest commercial State to extort from the reluctant Government of China concessions which have been gratuitously extended to other nations. The successful rejection of Mr. WADE's demands would have been followed by restrictions on intercourse with foreigners of all nations, and perhaps by outrages on foreign residents. In default of active assistance, it may be hoped that in any future quarrel all civilized nations will desire the triumph of English arms. Whenever war becomes inevitable, it will become necessary to provide further securities for the maintenance of the peace which may be ultimately concluded.

SPEECHES IN THE COUNTRY.

MANY speeches have been made in the last few days by persons of more or less political eminence, and fortune gave the speakers at least one topic of importance. Accidents will happen, and, by way of a change, the Ministerial speakers have had a bad time of it in the discussion of this topic, and Opposition speakers have had a good time. The Ministry have had to withdraw the Circular as to the surrender of fugitive slaves. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was especially to be pitied. He came to speak to a manufacturing community on his own special subjects, and he was quite prepared to have very pleasant things to say and to hear. He is Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it is very agreeable to a Chancellor to be able to announce to a flourishing population that England as well as Middlesborough is prospering, and that he has secured as large an increase of revenue in six months as he had calculated on for the whole year. He is also a leader of the party which once bound itself up with the theories of Protectionists, and he was glad to seize an opportunity of proclaiming to a manufacturing audience that no one could be a more zealous Free-trader than he is, and that he is watching with interest, if with some anxiety, the approaching time

when some of our chief commercial treaties will come to an end. He has a suspicion that when it comes to be discussed on what terms these treaties are to be renewed, some of the nations with whom we shall have to argue may not be sufficiently alive to the fact that England presses for liberal treaties, not because such treaties suit England especially, but because all nations must gain by conforming their commercial system to the immutable, universal, and eternal principles of Free-trade. A Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, new to his office, and attached to a party once given over to erroneous doctrines, had a very pleasing task before him when he proposed to present himself before a manufacturing and Liberal gathering with a surplus in his pocket and a genuine devotion to Free-trade burning in his breast. Unfortunately he found an unexpected difficulty in his teeth. Personally, as he informed his hearers, he had never heard of or seen the unfortunate Circular to which so much attention had been directed. Now that it was brought to his notice he did not know what to make of it. On general principles he was certain that a Circular issued by one of his colleagues could not have meant anything wrong; but at the same time he could not suggest what innocent meaning could be attached to its language. Under the circumstances he did the best thing that it was open to him to do. On the first day of speaking he kept to safe declamations and general propositions as to the value set by England on personal freedom, and the glorious efforts made by the country for the suppression of slavery. This showed, at least, that his heart was in the right place, and he waited to see what a few hours of telegraphing between the scattered members of the Ministry would effect. The next day he had the pleasure of being able to announce that the obnoxious Circular had been suspended, and he was himself again. Clearly, he personally could not be much blamed for the issue of a document of which he had no knowledge until long after it was issued, which he owned was exposed to inevitable misconstruction, and which he had done his utmost to get withdrawn as soon as it came to his notice.

Lord DERBY was more immediately concerned with the Circular, not because he had issued it, but because the expediency of maintaining it had been specially referred to him. He was prudent enough to make as little of it as possible, to attempt no defence, and to satisfy himself with the general observation that it had been misunderstood. The really dangerous thing for the Ministry would have been a belief resting on any tenable grounds that they were inclined to reverse the general policy of England with regard to slaves and the slave-trade. Lord DERBY could safely say that no one could possibly pretend to believe anything of the sort; and he was able to adduce as a convincing refutation of such a suspicion, if any one entertained it, the conclusion of a new and stringent treaty with the ruler of Zanzibar for the suppression of the slave-trade in his dominions. As Mr. FORSTER candidly acknowledged, it is impossible to believe that a Ministry of which Lord CARNARON is a prominent member can be inclined to make itself the accomplice or tool of slave-dealers and slaveholders. When Lord DERBY spoke, the Ministry had decided to withdraw the Circular, and he therefore had little difficulty in dealing with the subject. In going to Liverpool the matter that occupied Lord DERBY's mind was not the comparatively small subject of a misunderstood Circular, but the great subject of war or peace with China. He had hoped to the last moment to be able to make the gratifying announcement that the just demands of England had been conceded, and that all difficulties were at an end. This unfortunately he was unable to do, and he warned his audience that war is still possible. As he had to speak on the subject, it would have been difficult to put the position of England towards China in language more concise and accurate than that which Lord DERBY employed. England cannot wish for a war in which much money and many lives must be expended, in which little or no military glory is to be obtained, and which must leave us with an interrupted commerce and possibly a trembling and tottering Empire on our hands. On the other hand, when the inevitable time of action comes we must act, as delay and temporizing would only increase our difficulties. Lord DERBY also spoke of the Turkish insurrection, and spoke of it in terms of the strictest and most prosaic common sense. If it had been possible to give the insurgent districts a tributary independence, such as that conceded to Roumania and

Servia, there could have been little difficulty in convincing Turkey that it had no choice but to give what was asked. But, as tributary independence in these districts must necessarily lead to civil war, the population being split up into two irreconcilable factions, some other solution had to be sought for; and the only possible solution was to let the dominion of Turkey endure, but to require some reform, or promises of reform, in its administration. Lord DERBY indulged in no dreams. He did not imagine that Turkey could or would amend much; all he ventured to hope for was some mitigation of the evils which have driven the insurgents to revolt. Nor did he suppose that the present state of things in Turkey could last. Turkey has, no doubt, a gloomy to-morrow before it; but all that Lord DERBY can say is that the morrow of Turkey must take care of itself. The time is gone by when England could hope to see in Turkey a nation earnestly bent on its own regeneration, and destined to afford us a perpetual barrier to the encroachments of Russia.

Among the speakers of the Opposition the honours of the day have fallen to Mr. FORSTER. When at the beginning of last Session the rival claims of Mr. FORSTER and Lord HARTINGTON were freely discussed, it was impossible to deny that each had a ground where he was the stronger. In the qualities needed for a safe and irreproachable leader in Parliament of a depressed and disunited party, Lord HARTINGTON was held, and rightly held, to have a clear superiority. But the strength of a party in Parliament depends very much on its leaders men who can exercise an immediate and unmistakable influence on large masses of hearers. Here Mr. FORSTER is in his element. He has enthusiasm, he has a keen interest in the subjects that touch him, he can denounce opponents while treating them with courtesy and fairness, and he can seize the wider bearings of his subject, and bring industry and knowledge to illustrate and express the positions he assumes and the doctrines he maintains. The Admiralty Circular seemed as if it had been framed expressly to give Mr. FORSTER an opening. It was a blunder, and he knows how to make the most of the blunders of opponents by directing attention to their mismanagement, while refraining from imputing to them perverse intentions or sinister designs. He referred to the slave-trade, and everything relating to the slave-trade awakens in Mr. FORSTER an ardour of antagonism which is known to be the fruit of a genuine, abiding, and hereditary sentiment. It permitted him to show the extent of the question it raised, and to hint that the doctrines invented with regard to slaves might be stretched so as to imperil the immunity of political refugees. More than all, perhaps, it enabled him for once to escape from the embarrassing or unmeaning topics of the ordinary Liberal speechmaking. What these topics are, and how they are handled by a speaker who speaks as the organ of a set or clique to his own people, was to be learnt a day or two before from a speech of Mr. LEATHAM. He painted the dismay with which he had witnessed the abandonment by Mr. GLADSTONE of the leadership of his party, and the yearning with which he looked forward to the time when Mr. GLADSTONE would once more assume his proper rank in his party. This bright picture attracts the fancy of Mr. LEATHAM, not only because Mr. GLADSTONE would then be doing justice to himself and general service to his country, but because, as Mr. LEATHAM hopes, there would then be seen a statesman competent and willing to perform the disestablishment of the Church of England. Mr. LEATHAM is a sanguine man, and we may leave him to enjoy all the pleasures of imagination. But his account of what he himself has observed is amusing, instructive, and perhaps just. He thinks he has noticed that Mr. GLADSTONE has begun to weary of his voluntary retirement. Mr. LEATHAM may perhaps have been judging of another by himself, or have been relying too much on the average experience of human nature, when he asked his hearers to be incredulous of the possibility of a man who is capable of leading a party being long satisfied with the mild excitement of composing second-rate ecclesiastical pamphlets. But Mr. LEATHAM may simply have had his eyes open when he noticed, or thought he noticed, on some occasions last Session, the delight with which Mr. GLADSTONE found himself back in the familiar atmosphere of the House of Commons, his satisfaction at the supremacy immediately conceded to him by his supporters, and his impatience when others said what he could have said better.

Time may not improbably show that Mr. GLADSTONE cannot remain so far removed from the field of current politics as he once fancied would be possible and agreeable to him. But if that time should come, it may also be found that Mr. GLADSTONE has profited by his retirement, and has recognized that he once was getting into a wrong groove, and that the projects of a mind wearied with protracted excitement, and harassed by the cares of office, are not to be taken as the tests by which he would wish his career as a statesman to be measured.

THE AMERICAN ELECTIONS.

THE American autumn elections would be of secondary importance if a Presidential election were not approaching. In accordance with an odd and apparently inconvenient practice, the Congress which has not yet assembled was elected a year ago, so that the pending contest only relates to the choice of different State officers. The Republicans have in some degree recovered from the unexpected defeat of 1874; and in several States the result of the elections is doubtful. The issues on which the contest will turn, though in themselves both definite and serious, give rise to confusion because the conflict of opinion is not universally coincident with the lines of party division. The Democratic Conventions of New York and of Pennsylvania have respectively adopted opposite resolutions on the vital question of the currency. The Democrats of New York repeat their last year's declaration that gold and silver ought to be the only legal tender, that steady steps should be taken towards the resumption of specie payments, and that the public debt should be paid in coin. It is surprising that the reckless policy of inflation should be adopted by a party which seeks for the control of a great commercial State; yet the Pennsylvania Convention vaguely proposes that the volume of money should be made and kept equal to the wants of trade, or, in other words, that the return to specie payments should be indefinitely postponed. A large section, and perhaps a majority, of the party in the State was opposed to the system of inflation; but the managers of the Convention urged the importance of aiding the Democrats of Ohio, who are already pledged to a further debasement of the currency. It is thought that the result of the election in Ohio will largely influence the contest for the Presidency, and the Democratic State managers calculated that the promotion of a policy of inflation would give them the best chance of success. It is perhaps an imperfection in American institutions that the policy of national parties is always determined, without reference to principle or public interest, by the most numerous and most ignorant class of voters. Presidential candidates have often been nominated because they were obscure and therefore inoffensive; and erroneous doctrines are propounded by party leaders not because they are themselves deceived, but in deference to the real or supposed prejudices of the majority. The Pennsylvanian Democrats approve a ruinous system of currency because the Ohio Democrats think that inflation will command most votes.

While the Democrats in many States think it for their interest to advocate heretical doctrines on currency, they are generally, in conformity with the traditions of the party, sound on the not less important question of Free-trade. The New York Convention demands that taxation shall be imposed only for purposes of revenue, and it denounces "Government partnership with protected monopolies." Even in Wisconsin the Democrats who have coalesced with the Grangers propose that the tariff should be fixed with reference to revenue, although their allies still insist, in the true Protectionist spirit, on plundering capitalists who have constructed railways in reliance on the public faith. The combined Democrats and Grangers are in some degree restrained in their assault on the property of Railway Companies by the reflection that the State requires additional lines, and that repudiation of contracts is not likely to encourage enterprise. They consequently resolve that Railway Companies are entitled to "reasonable and reliable compensation for capital and labour actually employed" in the construction of lines. It may be doubted whether capitalists will accept a reasonable compensation, to be regulated from time to time by one of the parties to a bargain, in place of their legal rights. It would be pleasant to contemplate from a safe shore the

troubles of investors who are tossed about on the rough sea of American frauds and vagaries; but unfortunately it is not long since a scheme of spoliation worthy of Wisconsin was recommended as applicable to English railways in the City article of the *Times*. If in some Western States the constituencies practise dishonesty on their own account, it is satisfactory to find that both parties reprehend the scandalous speculations which were not long since regarded with a kind of amused toleration. The exposure of the embezzlements of TWEED and his associates by the Republicans of the City of New York has been, in spite of the pertinacious opposition of the Republican *New York Times*, followed by a vigorous attack by the Democratic Governor of the State on another body of culprits which had committed similar frauds in the management of the canals. Mr. TILDEN has consequently become the most creditable and meritorious of all the Democratic candidates for the Presidency; but the adoption of unsound currency doctrines by the party in other States may probably interfere with his nomination. The name of the Republican nominee is not yet declared, although Mr. HARTRANFT, Governor of Pennsylvania, has been proposed by his friends in his own State.

The Republicans will rely on a sound doctrine of currency, on a vicious commercial theory, and on an appeal to the jealousy which in America, as in Europe, the restless Roman Catholic clergy have contrived to provoke. The managers of the party have thought it prudent to throw over the candidature of General GRANT, while they at the same time give a general approval to his administration. Almost the only remaining Cabinet scandal has been removed by the resignation of Mr. DELANO, who, as Secretary of the Interior, seems to have participated in the habitual frauds which characterize the dealings of the Government agents with the unfortunate Indians. General GRANT has not recently had occasion to interfere with military force in Southern disputes; and even the Democrats have of late found little fault with his discharge of his functions. His sudden attack on the Roman Catholics may possibly revive his fading popularity, since he expresses in strong language a jealousy which is widely entertained. The dispute with the Catholics may not improbably strengthen the Republicans, who profess a determination to maintain the national system of common schools. The Democrats, on the other hand, cannot afford to alienate their Catholic supporters, although they will not venture to recommend a division of the funds raised for education between the contending parties. The Catholic priests insist on receiving their share of the education funds, to be afterwards applied at their own discretion. In the city of New York their control over the votes of the Irish population has enabled them in some degree to attain their object; but it is scarcely probable that they will succeed in any State. The majority is everywhere Protestant or indifferent, and the American people are proud of their common schools. Notwithstanding the power which they derive from their organization, the Catholic clergy are unable to retain their hold on the descendants of Irish immigrants. The elevation of an American prelate to the rank of Cardinal would not have been received with satisfaction if the activity of the priesthood had excited any serious alarm; but the pretensions of the sect have made its professors unpopular.

In Maryland, where some of the better classes are hereditary Roman Catholics, the Democrats have nominated Mr. CARROLL, a Catholic, for the office of Governor. Like the heroes who sprang from JOVE, Mr. CARROLL traces a divine descent from an ancestor who signed the Declaration of Independence; yet it seems that some members of the party have objected to him on the ground of his religious creed. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON has contended against the sectarian opposition in a speech which might have been appropriately addressed to an English constituency. While not a single Roman Catholic member is returned for any county or borough in Great Britain, the Americans, or the people of Maryland, have hitherto held that religious denomination had nothing to do with political eligibility. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON entreats his Democratic friends not to establish for the first time a policy of exclusion. He expressly disagrees with Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion that the Council of the Vatican has converted Catholics into bad and untrustworthy citizens, who must not be trusted with political power unless they repudiate the latest and most cherished doctrine of their Church. It is interesting to observe the simultaneous reappearance in different parts of

the world of controversies which seemed to have become obsolete thirty or forty years ago. The windmills against which Mr. GLADSTONE tilts have not become giants because the millers themselves are anxious to frighten timid knights-errant who come within reach of their sails. The Roman Catholic clergy in America will have taught their opponents a useful lesson in showing them that docile multitudes may be manipulated in such a manner as to cause political complications. If the Catholics were a majority in any State, they would not fail to abolish the common school system, but even in New York they are outvoted, and elsewhere they are powerless for mischief. In the present contest they are regarded by one party as a contingent worth enlisting, and by the other as a body which will do more harm by its alliance than by its opposition. The Democrats may probably encourage the priests to hope for concessions, which they would nevertheless not actually grant at the risk of alienating a more powerful section of the constituency. General GRANT shows by his singular address to the Army of the Tennessee that he has determined on precipitating to the utmost of his power the impending conflict with the Roman Catholic clergy. The "atheistic, pagan, and sectarian teaching," of which he demands the exclusion from common schools, means simply the Catholic creed. Neither pagans nor atheists have hitherto claimed a share of the rates equal to their proportionate numbers, and Protestant sects generally support the common school system. The new American CARDINAL and the priesthood at home and abroad will be surprised and disappointed by the discovery that General GRANT is as much their enemy as Prince BISMARCK. To neutral bystanders his speech suggests the more general reflection that the exemption of a Republican President from the restraints which hamper the action of constitutional kings is not an unmixed advantage.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE QUESTION.

NO one can be surprised that the Government has felt obliged to give up the recent Circular of the Admiralty in regard to fugitive slaves, but it is difficult to imagine why there should have been any delay in doing so, and the strange and ominous silence which has, until the last few days, been so obstinately maintained is even more incomprehensible. There can be no doubt that, if Parliament had been sitting, an explanation would at once have been demanded, and could not have been withheld. The Government would have had immediately to make up its mind whether it would stand by the Circular or give it up, and the position of the question would have been clearly understood. As it is, some weeks have now elapsed since this extraordinary document first attracted attention. It has everywhere been read with surprise and indignation. Meetings have been held to denounce it in most of the principal towns. Petitions have been addressed to the Government to cancel or revise it. There never was a case in which public opinion, whatever it may be worth, expressed itself more strongly and unanimously. And yet during the whole of this time, with all this din in their ears, the Ministry affected to be perfectly unconscious that anything was amiss. No explanations were offered on their behalf, no defence suggested. The Admiralty, in acknowledging the receipt of the memorial from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, went no further than to say that a copy had been sent to the Foreign Office; but from the Foreign Office no response was heard of. The first indication that the Government had at last heard of the question was an incidental remark by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE at Middlesbrough. In a speech on English enterprise, he emphasized in a marked way the duty of England "to carry through the world her proudest standard—the standard of personal freedom," and in a succeeding sentence he expressly referred to the part which England had taken in putting an end to some of the worst abuses of slavery, and hoped she would maintain the ground she had gained. When so important a member of the Cabinet spoke in this strain, there could not be much doubt as to the result; and next day Sir STAFFORD's hint was followed up by a formal statement by Lord DERBY at Liverpool, that the obnoxious Circular would be withdrawn. In one place he said suspended, and in another cancelled, but of course there can be no doubt that the document is abandoned. That this would have to be done sooner or later was evident from the first; but why, if the Government was not

prepared to justify the Circular, was it not given up at once? And what excuse can be offered for the contemptuous silence which was so long persisted in? One would have supposed that, even for its own sake, the Government would have been glad to get as quietly and quickly as possible out of an ugly scrape; and a glance at the document was enough to show how utterly objectionable it was on every ground. Sir S. NORTHGOTE said he was ignorant of the existence of the document until he returned from the Continent a few days ago; but there were at least other Ministers at home who could not possibly have been ignorant either of the nature of the Circular or of the excitement which it had produced. It will appear to most people that sullen silence in such a case is not a seemly or convenient method of transacting public business. It may be said that, when Parliament is in recess, Ministers have no regular means of communicating with the public, and that it is not consistent with their dignity to write letters to the papers. But of course everybody is aware that, when a member of the Government wishes to make anything known, he has no difficulty in finding the means of doing so in a way that leaves no room for doubt as to the authenticity of the intimation. If it is pleaded that time was wanted for further consideration, that only makes matters worse, for consideration ought to have preceded, not followed, the issue of the Circular; and in any case no consideration was required in order to discover the danger in which it placed cherished rights and principles.

It must be remembered that this is not a mere question of a graceful concession to public opinion at home. Every day, every hour that the Circular remained under consideration rendered it the more difficult for the Government to escape from the false position into which it had unfortunately stumbled. It is possible that as yet no case may have occurred under these Instructions; but at the same time they exist as a published declaration in the face of the world that England, if she does not, virtually surrender rights which she has hitherto claimed, has at least doubts about them, and the longer such a question is held in suspense, the weaker must be the position of this country. This is, as Sir S. NORTHGOTE truly remarked, a matter in which it is absolutely necessary that England should remain unsuspected. Any foreign Government which has its reasons for questioning the maritime rights of England will of course seize upon the argument that these rights must be very doubtful indeed, since the English Government takes so long to make up its own mind as to whether they are valid or not. It is not as if this were an unexpected question which had suddenly turned up and had never been thought of before. It is a question of old standing, which has often been presented in various shapes, and as to which the views of English statesmen have hitherto been sufficiently clear and decided. It is impossible that a country like England can play fast and loose with the principles which lie at the foundation of her maritime position, that she can one day put forth claims and another day draw them back, and then hesitate and consider what she should do next. Lord DERBY does not admit that the Instructions bear the construction popularly put upon them, and it may at least be believed that they were not framed with that intention. But when he says that "the statement of law contained in the document is simply that which we have received from the highest legal authority," we must be allowed to believe that there is some misapprehension on this point. It is possible that some general statement of the law may have been supplied to the writer of the Circular, which, in his helpless incapacity, he misunderstood; but that the "highest legal authority" is actually responsible for this slovenly, confused, and muddle-headed document, of which any schoolboy would be ashamed, is simply incredible. It is quite clear that the grounds on which the Circular is now avowedly withdrawn—that it has been generally interpreted as meaning something which it was not intended to mean, and that there is a danger of "exciting popular passion on a matter which requires careful handling"—is the strongest possible condemnation of the scandalously careless handling which was permitted in the first instance. The most ordinary prudence would suggest that this is one of those sleeping questions which England would do well to let alone. Indeed it is difficult to conceive why it should have been disturbed at all. It is necessary, of course, that English officers should have general instructions as to what course they should take under certain circumstances, but this can

easily be done without laying down rules which seem at least to cast doubt upon the validity of important privileges. As far as we are aware, nothing has lately occurred to require that new instructions should be issued. It might be presumed that by this time English naval officers pretty well understand the broad principles which ought to guide them in such a case; and indeed the very conditions of their service must make it clear to them that it is not their business to go about setting slaves free. If slaves come off to them in boatfuls, they have only to intimate that there is no room for them on board ship, and that they must find some other way of travelling. While, on the one hand, it would be obviously improper for English officers to take any active steps to assist escapes from the shore, on the other hand it is equally outside of their duty to help slaveholders to recapture runaway slaves. They have, in short, nothing to do with slaves as slaves one way or the other. A slave in their eyes is to be neither more nor less than any other human being, and if he is in peril of his life, he is entitled to the assistance or protection which, by the commonest instinct of humanity, would be accorded to anybody else.

The more this subject is considered the more amazing it is that it should have occurred to any one to open it up in this rash and foolish way. Among other unfortunate consequences is the stirring up of fanatical philanthropists who are not content with the system of neutrality which has hitherto prevailed, and would like to see England engage in a systematic crusade against slavery wherever it exists. Until this unhappy Circular appeared the question had settled down into a reasonable compromise between two extremes, but the course which has been taken by the Admiralty has provoked an agitation which may have embarrassing results. It is obvious that some of the arguments which have been used by the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society and other bodies go much beyond the requirements of the case, and, if agreed to, would involve a reversal of a sensible and moderate policy which has, on the whole, worked satisfactorily. Between the excessive demands of the philanthropists and the seeming retrogression of the Government, the real question is apt to be lost sight of. What is wanted is just that the rules should be put back on the old footing on which they stood before the Circular was issued.

FRANCE.

THERE has been something like a Ministerial crisis in France. It has been a very slight crisis, and was very soon over; but a crisis in the middle of a vacation, however slight, is sure to be made the most of by those who have very little political news to discuss. M. LÉON SAY, the Minister of Finance, lately made a speech at the Château of Stors, and it was observed that the usual compliment of insertion in the Official Journal was not paid to M. SAY's speech. M. BUFFET, the head of the Ministry, had been consulted, and he had decided that there was an offensive passage in the speech, and that therefore the speech in which such a passage was to be found did not merit the honour of being officially recorded among the utterances of the Ministry. What M. SAY had said, and what M. BUFFET resented his having said, was that the famous 25th of last February was a new starting-point, and a happy and definite starting-point, marking as it did the dissolution of the old majority that raised the Duke of BROGLIE to power, and the formation of a new majority that had established the Republic. This M. BUFFET thought a painful way of putting things, painful to himself as if he had been a sort of enlightened convert, and painful to those who then joined, or may hereafter join, the Ministry from the side of the Right, as if they had broken, or might be expected to break, suddenly with their old traditions. The end of the whole business was that M. LÉON SAY agreed to write an explanatory letter, in which he substantially repeated what he had said in his speech, but intimated that the nicer way of putting things would no doubt be to say that the Conservative supporters of the Ministry had not so much taken a sudden leap into good sense as advanced along a steady path of increasing enlightenment. This made every one comfortable. M. BUFFET was satisfied, because M. SAY had written an explanatory letter. M. SAY was satisfied, because his explanatory letter explained nothing. The more sensible French journals

printed the letter and said little or nothing on the subject. The partisan journals made capital out of the affair, each according to its fashion. The Republican journals proclaimed that M. BUFFET had been outwitted. The Conservative journals vowed that M. SAY had been humiliated, and indulged in much good-natured wonder that a Minister who had had to eat so much dirt should not have the spirit to resign. Those who were principally concerned agreed that a very small matter was very well over; and English Correspondents rebuked everybody and were lost in surprise that partisans should be bitter about trifles, that party writers should fall into exaggeration, and that Frenchmen should not know better how to follow the example of England, where, as all the world knows, the very least possible is always made of the quarrels and blunders of Ministers, and where party newspapers invariably do the utmost justice to their political opponents.

Marshal MACMAHON himself intervened, and used his influence to heal whatever dissension existed among his Ministers. When the history of this generation comes to be written, the MARSHAL may not seem, as seen at a distance, a very great or imposing figure. But he is in many ways very useful to his country, and does what no one else could do so well. He is not admired, but he is trusted, respected, and liked. Even those who regard him as imposed on the country by a party whom they themselves detest, own that he does not pursue any selfish aims, and that he personally treats every one fairly and kindly. Whatever may have been his shortcomings, he, and those who have acted under him, have at least given France time to grow, to form new opinions, and pursue new aims. The present Government of France is something the like of which has never been seen before. It is at once a military despotism, a Parliamentary Government, and a battlefield of the most discordant opinions outside both the Government and the Assembly. To all appearance, the country is settling into the conviction that the experiment of a Conservative Republic, as something quite distinct from a mere triumph of the Republican party, ought to be tried. What a Conservative Republic means it is impossible to say, and it would probably be difficult to find two intelligent Frenchmen who would give the same account of it. But at any rate the atmosphere in which this vague thing can be supposed to be capable of existing has been gradually formed, and is being formed every day; and Marshal MACMAHON has contributed to its formation, partly no doubt unconsciously, but partly also by fairness of dealing and by governing in the quiet, steady way which gives the world time to think and act. Nor is it only in the direction of Conservative Republicanism that France has lately grown, and been passively helped to grow by the MARSHAL. The determination not to be dragged into a religious war by the Papal party may not seem any very great conquest of good sense and intelligence. But three or four years ago there was so much agitation in men's minds that it was not certain that even the most foolish of enterprises might not find favour. But this is not all. The French have been slowly changing since the war. They are now becoming a nation with as little *chauvinisme* as possible. They are, no doubt, keenly alive to the national honour. So are we, but we are certainly not a people inclined to war. The French have lately thrown themselves into the pursuits of peace, or, in simpler language, into the various ways of making money, with double the ardour of old days. They are silent about a war of revenge, not only because they are not allowed to mention it, but because they do not really much think about it. They are accustoming themselves to accept what has happened, and are getting to care less about occupying the theatrical position in the eyes of Europe which they once thought essential to their happiness. Nations do not change in a day, or a year, or a few years, and an accident might again wake into prominence the wildness, the feverishness, and the arrogance which in the midst of many noble qualities have often shown themselves as salient features of the French character. But it is scarcely doubtful that, as things now are, a change is stealing over France which in time may greatly affect the temper and thoughts of all European nations.

The great merit of Marshal MACMAHON's administration is that it has provided some of the indispensable conditions which allowed this change to begin and to gain force. But this is a humble and unshowy sort of merit, and not

adapted to win much admiration for its possessor. The national hero is not Marshal MACMAHON, but M. THIERS. At Versailles M. THIERS is regarded as a political opponent whom it cost a great effort to beat, and who is still very dangerous, as the dictator of an Assembly which disliked his dictation, as a man who is sure to put a spoke in the wheel of any one who believes his wheel is just beginning to turn round fast. But France does not share the sentiments of Versailles. It sees in M. THIERS the one Frenchman who could treat Emperors, and Princes, and BISMARCK himself, on a footing of equality, who guided his country safely through a great peril, and who taught it what it could do and what were its resources. When M. THIERS chooses to show himself in the provinces, as he lately did at Arcachon, he is welcomed with arches and flowers and all the signs of a genuine enthusiasm. Marshal MACMAHON receives decorous welcomes, but M. THIERS receives what are popularly termed ovations. The generosity of nations is always greater than that of Parliaments, and France honours itself by these bursts of genuine enthusiasm in testimony of its gratitude to a man who has deserved very well of his country. M. THIERS has also the claim on the respectful attention of his countrymen that, if they are right in their present bent of thought, he was right before they were. Of the ancient supporters of Constitutional Monarchy he was the first to proclaim that it could only appear in the France of the present day in the shape of a Conservative Republic; and if the experiment of such a Republic is fairly tried, either he or, more probably, those under his guidance must inevitably, if he is still alive, come again into power. But of his unobtrusive rival it may be fairly said that he has so far done much more, whether intentionally or not, to help than to impede the successful trial of the experiment. It is acknowledged by those who, like M. SAY, think that France took last February a new and definitive start, that they would have much more to lose than to gain by the premature disruption of the present Ministry. The MARSHAL has done his best, and done his best successfully, to prevent such a disruption; and those who benefit by his conduct may be asked to recognize the value of his assistance, even though they may hold that there are a thousand things which he ought to do, or not to do, before they can think of admiring him.

MAKING THINGS PLEASANT.

THE return of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY from Natal may, we suppose, be taken to show that his mission has been successful, at least in the opinion of the Government which employed him. We learn from the colonial newspapers that a farewell banquet was given to him at Maritzburg and another at Durban, and everybody was pleasant all round, but whether social amenities indicate political satisfaction is perhaps doubtful. The chairman at Maritzburg declared that the dinner was not a political demonstration, and thought it would be hard if persons who differed in opinion could not meet at the social board without being charged with compromising their principles. He considered it a great misfortune for the colony that their guest had been called away so soon; and this opinion is the more valuable because the speaker avowed that on some political points he had differed from His Excellency. It certainly appears that, if it were worth while for Sir GARNET WOLSELEY to go to Natal, it would be worth while for him to stay there, and it may be feared that when cheers have died away murmurs will revive. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, in response to the chairman's speech, impressed upon his hearers the necessity which exists for a general union of all parties in the colony. He exhorted them to forsake the path of party politics, and devote themselves to developing the resources of the country; and if it were likely that these exhortations would have effect, it was undoubtedly worth while to send a distinguished soldier from England to lecture at Natal on the beauty of political tranquillity. But we may assume that there were at least two parties among his hearers, and each party, feeling that it is a joyful thing for brethren to dwell together in unity, will remark that this result may be readily attained by the other party relinquishing its distinctive views. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY believes, and probably on good ground, in a great future for Natal, but the present may nevertheless be fraught with trouble, difficulty, or even danger. The whole proceeding may be

typified by that part of it which had reference to the "Army, Navy, and Volunteers." In conformity with British custom, the belief was expressed that these services would do their duty, and no perplexing question was raised as to how they are to do it. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY is sorry to leave Natal, and its people are equally sorry to let him go, or at least they say so; but if he stayed five years instead of five months, they would probably worry him, or try to do so, as much as any other Administrator of that Government. Life is not all beer and skittles, and jovial nights may be followed by uncomfortable days.

Mr. FROUDE, speaking at this banquet, expressed his belief that the short period of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's government will be the dawn of the brightest day that has ever risen on Natal; but this is beautifully indefinite, and, if we may so say, after-dinnerish. We hope the cock has not got up by mistake and crowed in the middle of the night. We should like to see the sun a little more clearly above the horizon before believing that the extravagant and erring spirits which disturbed the colony's peace have fled to their confine. It may be that the amendments in the Constitution of Natal which have been adopted on the recommendation of the late administrator are sufficient to ensure the well-being of the colony if the colonists will be content with them; but will they? The conciliatory work of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY may be compared to a castle of sand which the rising tide of faction will obliterate and submerge. Mr. FROUDE invited his hearers to infer the interest which the British public takes in the colony from the fact that, when it was in difficulty, they sent to it their most distinguished public servant. The inference would be stronger if they had not taken him away again so soon. If the British public has been persuaded to take an interest of a pecuniary nature in the colonial railway, we, and probably the colonists, should appreciate the significance of the fact. The nation can recall its officer, but cannot get back money once advanced. The Dutch Republics will perceive the advantage of a railway to the coast, and if we are to find the money and they are to reap the profit, the bonds of friendship between us and them will perhaps be drawn as closely as Sir GARNET WOLSELEY hopes. They have not forgotten the habits of their country, among which giving little and asking much used to be included. It is true that Natal would be at least as good a debtor as Honduras, and we have done worse things with our money than make a railway from Newcastle to Durban. It may be useful to remark that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY speaks of Newcastle in South Africa and not in England, although a learned judge once said that a similar observation was irrelevant. We believe that there will be coal at one end of the proposed railway and a port at the other, and when Sir GARNET WOLSELEY anticipates that Maritzburg and Durban will be lighted with gas, he perhaps says what Mr. FROUDE meant by talking of the dawn of the brightest day. The guest of the evening proposed the chairman's health, and his speech might be epitomized in the lines—

Although we've some meetings amiss,
Sometimes we've a meeting like this.

He assured his hearers that their chairman was naturally a gentleman, and we already knew from other sources that he is professionally a chemist. The sentiments expressed by all the speakers were indeed beautiful, and gushing oratory was as plentiful as froth upon champagne. If Mr. AKERMAN can find the disease of his land and purge it to a sound and pristine health, his political physic will gain repute both in the colony and at home. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has visited the patient and has conferred with the regular attendant, and if between them they can work a cure, the applause of Natal will be echoed back from England.

Our colonial administration might be described, in the words of an eminent colonist, as based upon the principles of soft sawder and human nature. The mission of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has been at least transiently propitiatory, and the despatches of Lord CAERNARVON might have been written by that Frenchman of the first Republic of whom Mr. CARLYLE says that, when nothing else could be done with a troublesome question, it was given to him to report upon. In a despatch which has been lately published, Lord CAERNARVON elaborately explains that in a previous despatch he "suggested, but by no means nominated or appointed," two persons for members of the proposed Conference of Representatives of the Provinces. Colonial critics might compare this proceeding to that of another officer of the British Crown who sends a *congé d'élire* to the Dean and Chapter of a cathedral, and at the

same time "suggests" a particular person for Bishop. Mr. FROUDE said that before very long the proposed Conference will take a practical shape, but he only said so after dinner. It appears that Lord CAERNARVON's despatch proposing the Conference has been discussed in the House of Assembly at Cape Town "with some warmth," that a report of the debate has been sent home, and that Lord CAERNARVON has written the despatch lately published by way of answer to the comments on his first despatch. He undertakes to show that "the mistakes which appear to have arisen" in construing his letter "might have been avoided." But, while professing to do this, he does, although in an indistinct and hesitating manner, something more. Besides the debate in the Assembly, there is a Minute of the Colonial Ministers, and this Minute objects to the suggestion made from home that the Western and Eastern provinces of the Cape should be separately represented at the Conference. Lord CAERNARVON proposed separate representation because he thought the colonists would like it, and the colonists do not like it, apparently because Lord CAERNARVON proposed it. But as Lord CAERNARVON now agrees to united representation, the colonists have got what they most lately asked for, and even colonists cannot expect more. But the Minute proceeds to lay down a principle with which Lord CAERNARVON is "less able to concur." The Cape Colony claims to decide how many delegates it shall send to the Conference, and Lord CAERNARVON hopes that, on further consideration, the Ministers of that colony "will feel able to look upon this" as a point which not only is most commonly felt, but of "right belongs to," central and imperial authority. If this is the style in which Lord CAERNARVON habitually writes, it is not wonderful that his despatches are misunderstood. It must be owned that he writes as Mr. DISRAELI talks, and both may perhaps claim that their experiment of government by soft sawder should be fairly tried. If a "point" belongs of right to imperial authority, the guardians of that authority ought not to give it up; and if they mean to maintain it, they ought not to talk as if this, like everything else, were an open question. A right is not less a right because a party affected by it feels unable to look upon it as a right. However, Lord CAERNARVON brings himself to intimate with sufficient plainness that, if the Cape Colony will not join, the Conference will be held without it. A Colonial Secretary dealing with South Africa has a task like that of driving one of the ox-teams of that country without a goad, or he may be compared to a nurse who, having charge of several fractious children, and being prohibited from whipping them, has recourse to barley sugar. It is probable that the manifest interest of these colonies will ultimately lead them to federation, and in the meanwhile they will try the temper and spoil the style of Lord CAERNARVON and several successors. The mineral and agricultural wealth of Natal must in time bring to it prosperity. Sentimental grievances may always be mitigated by the expedient of sending out a distinguished public servant to give and accept dinners, and make himself for a short time generally agreeable.

SPAIN.

THE King of SPAIN, if he composed his own speech at the opening of the University of Madrid, has already mastered the customary and becoming style of Royalty. While a decree of nearly the same date issued in his name recites the termination of the civil war, the King, with a more careful regard to accuracy, regrets that it is still proceeding; but the two versions only differ in the mode of recording well-known facts. The area of the war has of late been much curtailed, and there is reason to hope that the contest approaches its end; yet it is strange that, after the recent successes of the Royalists, and notwithstanding their great superiority in numbers, the Carlists should be able to claim considerable victories at Valmaseda in Biscay, and at Andoain in Guipuzcoa, and that they should have been engaged in bombarding the considerable fortress of San Sebastian. They have seldom been able to take a strong place, and they have even failed in holding the two or three fortified towns which they had occupied. It is not improbable that their late activity may be explained by their anxiety to reassure their partisans by a demonstration that they are not yet crushed. The insurrection would almost be entitled to sympathy if the certainty of its ultimate failure were not a sufficient

condemnation of the useless waste of life and treasure. Don CARLOS and his adherents have displayed remarkable pertinacity and unexpected resource. Unluckily for themselves, they have created a hostile army which they will be ultimately unable to resist. With the troops which they have now on foot, the Carlists would probably be strong enough to conquer the entire kingdom if it were now as defenceless as in the days of FIGUERAS and CASTELAR. The best hope which they can now entertain is to obtain favourable terms of peace, with a provision for the officers, some of whom formerly belonged to the regular army. The return of General CABRERA to Biarritz seems to indicate the intention of the Government of Madrid to reopen negotiations. The severities which have been exercised against the Carlist population since the opening of the autumn campaign appear to have produced no useful result; and an atrocious crime lately committed by an Alfonsist officer will perhaps create dangerous indignation. In default of an arrangement, the civil war will probably linger on through the winter.

The reasons which have induced the Ministers to determine on the convocation of a Cortes have not been explained. It is perhaps thought that new taxes can be more safely levied with Parliamentary sanction; and a loan may perhaps be negotiated on better terms on the authority of the Cortes. As a result of the late Ministerial crisis, or of its pretext, the members of the Cortes will, according to the provisions of the Constitution of 1870, be elected by universal suffrage. The Ministers will not fail, in conformity with the practice of all their predecessors, to manipulate the elections so as to obtain a docile majority. It is perhaps as well that the title of the KING should be acknowledged by a body which will ostensibly represent the nation. It has been remarked by constitutional critics that, while ALFONSO XII. has been recognized by all foreign Powers, he owes his elevation to the throne to two or three general officers, and that he has not even communicated his accession in any formal manner to his subjects. General acquiescence is not the worst confirmation of his title; but an articulate declaration to the same effect by the Cortes may perhaps be decorous and desirable. The appeal of the Government to the Constitution of 1870 as still in force possesses a certain significance. The settlement was not Republican, although there was at the time no reigning king, because it conferred on the Cortes a power of election which was afterwards exercised in the choice of Prince AMADEO of Italy. The Constitution confirmed the dethronement of Queen ISABELLA, who has sometimes been regarded as a possible rival to her son. If the Ministers had inclined to the restoration of the QUEEN, they would not have referred in the Royal decree to the Constitution framed by the party which had driven her from the throne. It is expected that in a short time she will be allowed to return to Spain, but little is known of her intentions or of her relations to the KING. A boy of eighteen who now nominally reigns, though he may perhaps be influenced by a clever and experienced mother, is not likely to regard with favour her competition for the throne. If it were not suspected that General MARTINEZ CAMPOS is disposed to replace the QUEEN on the throne, her restoration might be deemed impossible.

The accession of a young sovereign naturally excites the activity of domestic and political match-makers. The Duke and Duchess of MONTPENSIER lately took occasion to advertise in the correspondence of the *Times* the candidature of one of their daughters for the crown matrimonial. Queen ISABELLA is supposed to concur with Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO in preferring the selection of a German princess, in the hope of conciliating the favour of the EMPEROR and his Government. It was hardly to be expected that the ex-QUEEN would promote an alliance which would be highly distasteful to the POPE; but possibly family jealousies may prevail over even religious prejudices. The QUEEN is well aware that the Duke of MONTPENSIER was privy to the designs of PRIM and TOPETE; and that he had himself hoped to be chosen as her successor. The young KING may perhaps think that his personal interest in the choice of a wife entitles him to a voice in the selection. The tragic farce of the Spanish marriages of 1846 could not be repeated at his expense, even if another GUIZOT could be found. It is rather to be wished than to be hoped that any future Queen of Spain may be exempt from the degrading and selfish superstition which proved fatal to Queen ISABELLA. The political advantages of a German

connexion would be rather imaginary than substantial; and if the KING should follow the advice of his former tutor and late Prime Minister, the French Government would certainly not imitate the fatal blunder of NAPOLEON III. in affecting jealousy of the alliance. As the favour shown by the German Government to SERRANO, and afterwards to King ALFONSO, was caused by an outrage committed on a German prisoner by the Carlists, it is possible that the EMPEROR may resent an equally brutal murder perpetrated on a German officer by the Alfonsists. A new bond of union with the House of ORLEANS would perhaps bring the young KING under enlightened and liberal influence. The importance of Royal marriages is not liable in the present day to undue exaggeration. Dynastic claims are subordinate to many other considerations, but they are not to be despised as insignificant. The hereditary pretensions of Don ALFONSO have prevailed over many impediments; and as often as Republican experiments fail, European nations will for a long time recur again and again to families which offer the paramount advantage of uncontested right. The perseverance of the supporters of Don CARLOS affords another illustration of the same political truth.

The causes of the late change of Ministry have since been partially explained, though they would be highly uninteresting if their operation were fully exhausted. No reasonable politician could be deluded by the pretext that the Cabinet had broken up on the trivial issue of limited or universal suffrage. Electoral questions create party divisions only where constitutional forms have real and serious importance. It was especially puzzling that the PRIME MINISTER, who shared the opinion of the majority, should resign because two or three of his colleagues professed to disapprove of universal suffrage. The strange demands of the NUNCIO, which were published immediately after the change of Ministry, supplied a conjectural explanation of the crisis; and it now appears that a plausible guess was well founded. It seems that, in his anxiety to detach the Holy See from the cause of Don CARLOS, CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO had rashly undertaken to maintain the Concordat of ISABELLA. When his object was partially obtained by the mission of Mgr. SIMEONI as Nuncio to Madrid, the Minister recognized the impossibility of gratifying the POPE by the restoration of a mediæval system of intolerance and persecution. As the NUNCIO persisted in exacting the performance of an impossible promise, the PRIME MINISTER could only extricate himself from embarrassment by a retreat which he probably intends to be merely temporary. His successor will have less difficulty in rejecting outrageous demands which might seem as if they were intended to furnish the opponents of Rome throughout the world with unanswerable arguments. According to the most obvious interpretation, the conventional phrases used by the KING himself are intended to convey pledges of a tolerant and liberal policy. It is not yet known whether he has so far escaped the injurious consequences of early education as to be capable of manly independence. The rash and ruinous policy of Rome may perhaps be fatal to the legitimate and beneficial influence which the Spanish clergy still exercise in rural districts. Priests who are not ashamed to join in field-sports and lay aside their professional uniform when they are off duty would, if they were let alone, care nothing for the audacious pretensions of spiritual chiefs who are much less sensible than themselves.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

ON Thursday morning the newspapers on our breakfast-tables were, by a striking and edifying coincidence, filled with two subjects which, in varying proportions, pretty well monopolized their columns. On the one side was Lord ABERDARE's address, as President of the Social Science Congress, and on the other a voluminous report of a criminal inquiry, the details of which have already been repeated over and over again with sickening iteration. Lord ABERDARE was in his usual hopeful mood. He saw on every hand indications of a decrease in the criminal tendencies of the country, and trusted for further improvement to the "raising of the moral and intellectual character of the people." You turned the paper, and in another page you found a significant commentary on the degree of moral and intellectual elevation which has already been attained, and of the means taken by public instructors to promote it. We should imagine that, with some people

at least, the reflections suggested by this exhibition of the degradation of the press for the satisfaction of a prurient and morbid curiosity of the lowest kind must have cast a shadow on the happy optimism of the accompanying address. There can be no doubt which of the two reports has been the most widely read, and is likely to have the deepest influence. It is satisfactory to be assured that there has been, on the whole, in the course of many years, a decrease in the more violent forms of crime; but the moral and intellectual elevation of a country is more satisfactorily measured by the self-respect and intelligence of the better classes than by the forcible repression of exceptional ruffianism among the lower. We do not mean of course to suggest that the reading of such reports is directly calculated to encourage the perpetration of murders; but it is evident that excessive familiarity with the details of crime, and an amused interest in the repetition of them, cannot fail to weaken the natural feelings of pain and horror which are at the bottom of a wholesome public sentiment on such matters. Lord ABERDARE does not exactly avow, but he hints at the conviction—which he admits to be a daring one—that legislation has done its utmost in its direct efforts for the prevention and repression of crime and the reformation of criminals, and that any further diminution of crime is to be attained only indirectly, and as the result of a more elevated public morality. There is, therefore, no subject on which a healthy tone of public opinion ought to be more earnestly preserved.

Although Lord ABERDARE's general conclusion, that there has actually been a diminution in crime in this country in recent years, may be accepted as in the main true, it may be doubted whether the statistical method which he adopted in demonstrating this result is a very satisfactory one. The fact is, that the whole conditions of the problem are so variable and fluctuating that it is scarcely possible to reduce them to the fixed precision which is necessary for such an inquiry. Much depends on the circumstances of the country at a particular period, the state of trade, the influence of society at large, the temper of popular opinion, and the views of professional jurists; and it is hard to determine to what particular cause any increase or decrease of crime may be due. Again, it may be asked whether the returns of convictions and sentences, or even of committals, are altogether trustworthy as a test of the prevalence of crime. When the law is in an unsatisfactory state people may doubt whether it is worth while to take proceedings; and, on the other hand, an increase in the number of convictions may prove, not an increase of crime, but only increased efficiency in detecting and punishing it. New offences are also introduced into the statute-book, while other offences are raised or lowered in the scale of heinousness. At different periods special forms of crime become conspicuous, and after a time give place to other crimes, or to a temporary lull, for which a variety of causes may perhaps be assigned. Still, on the whole, there can be no doubt that there has been a diminution in the criminal tendencies of the population. Lord ABERDARE, who begins at 1805, divides his historical review into three stages. There is, first, from 1805 to 1841, a rapid ascent in the number of crimes, which in the latter year were sixfold what they were at the beginning of the period. This is, as it were, the summit level; after which there is a sort of table-land, as he calls it, to be crossed during the next fourteen years. Between 1842 and 1855, inclusive, there was no increase of crime keeping pace with the increase of population; and then followed a descent on the other side. In the course of the nineteen years between 1856 and 1875, while population has increased by 41·46 per cent., the most serious offences, short of murder, are said to have decreased by 66·73 per cent.

We cannot of course pretend offhand to check these figures, and, even assuming them to be strictly accurate, they are subject to various qualifications; but there can be no question that they represent a substantial reduction of serious crime. Murder, indeed, has kept pretty constant throughout. It is subject to fluctuations, of course, like other crimes; but, judging by decennial periods, the proportion of murders to population has not, Lord ABERDARE tells us, very much varied during the last half-century. It is hardly necessary at the present day to offer any argument to show that the old criminal code, before the reforms introduced through the influence of ROMILLY, was barbarous both in its cruelty and futility. It should be remembered, however, that the chief reason of its failure was the uncertainty with which it was carried

out. Between 1805 and 1831, for instance, the number of offenders sentenced to death rose from 350 to 1,610, but of the latter number only fifty-two were executed; and it is obvious, as Lord ABERDARE admits, that the severity of these sentences was neutralized by their uncertainty. He might have gone further, and have said that a large proportion of the crimes in question were due to the temptation which the uncertainty of punishment put in the way of evil-disposed persons, who calculated, in the spirit of a gambler, on their chances of escape. There is reason to believe that in our own time the caprice and inconsistency with which sentences of death are dealt with has operated in an equally unfavourable way. Every case in which a murderer is reprieved on some trivial or easily-concocted pretext is a temptation to some other man with murder in his mind to add to his calculation of the chances of not being detected the further chance of escaping the gallows, even after conviction. In this respect an increase of gentleness and humanity has perhaps had the result in some degree of encouraging opposite qualities. Lord ABERDARE, who was not a hanging Secretary, has also scruples about the lash, not only because it has, he holds, a brutalizing effect, but because of the uncertainty of its operation, according to the varying feelings of the Judges who order its infliction; and, further, because in wife-beating cases it tends to estrange the husband from his wife. These, however, are objections which apply to almost every conceivable form of punishment. Imprisonment, also, has a brutalizing effect, and leaves the prisoner's wife and family to starve; and, on the other hand, if the severity is really deterrent, these drawbacks must be accepted for the sake of the greater number of men who may thus be saved from giving way to brutality, and of women who may be saved from ill-usage. Lord ABERDARE still believes that garotting was not in any way put down by flogging; that, in fact, the panic was chiefly a delusion kept up for interested purposes by bad characters generally. This is of course the police view, but there can be little doubt that the outbreak had a wider range and deeper roots than Lord ABERDARE allows, and that the prompt severity with which it was treated had a salutary influence. The recent evidence from the highest authorities throughout the country as to the effects of flogging in more recent years fully confirms this view. Lord ABERDARE, however, is at least entitled to credit for the system of supervision established by the Habitual Criminals Act.

Whatever diminution of crime has taken place must of course be attributed in a large degree to the greater efficiency of the police, and the more systematic operation of the criminal law. At the same time, other causes have naturally been at work. There is a close connexion between crime and density of population, combined with a tempting display of wealth and luxury; but education and sanitary reforms have already done something to counteract these influences, and more may be hoped for in the same way. As to the recent epidemic of brutality, Lord ABERDARE is no doubt right in assigning it mainly to the unsettling influence of a large and rapid increase of wages and leisure among ignorant and intemperate men who are unfit to use their advantages properly. This may be a transitory cause of crime, but while it exists it is essential that it should be firmly dealt with. The problem which Lord ABERDARE suggested at the close of his discourse—why Irishmen out of Ireland are everywhere such a turbulent and disorderly set of people, while at home they are, except as regards certain peculiar crimes, so well behaved—is one which may prove to be an apple of discord at the Congress, and we should not wonder to see it eagerly caught up by some representatives of the nationality subjected to criticism. Whatever may be the explanation, there seems at least to be no doubt of the fact that, as Lord ABERDARE said, an excessive proportion of crime in England and Scotland is committed by Irish-born residents. Taken altogether, Lord ABERDARE's address, though interesting as an historical narrative, is, as might be expected, conspicuously deficient in practical sagacity. There is still a great deal of crime to be dealt with, but he assumes that the police and judicial machinery have now reached the limits of human perfection, and that all that has to be done is to trust to Providence for the rest. What is of course really wanted is, that the measures for the prevention and punishment of crime should be made still more systematic, certain, and efficient; and it cannot be doubted that there is here a great work still to be done.

NOVEL-READING AS A VICE.

A GREAT deal has recently been said, and it need hardly be added that a great deal of nonsense has been talked, as to the relations between art and morality. It cannot be denied, however, that some curious problems in casuistry arise when we attempt to lay down any definite propositions upon the subject. Amongst the various arguments which now and then come to the surface is one which may deserve some thought in an era which, from one point of view, may be called the age of novel-reading. Some worthy persons regard, or used to regard, all study of fiction as a vice, with the exception perhaps of those fictions which have a distinct moral or religious purpose. This doctrine has pretty much gone out of fashion, along with a good many other prejudices, good and bad. And indeed, if delight in all forms of story-telling is wrong, we must admit that the human race not only is, but always has been, and always will be, hopelessly vicious. The general condemnation, however, was supported by a specific theory in which there may perhaps be some kernel of truth. The theory is that indulgence in sentiment which necessarily leads to no action must be injurious. Weep over a real sufferer, and your tears may lead you to do something to remedy his misfortune. Weep over an imaginary sufferer, and you must necessarily acquire a habit of weeping without acting. It is dangerous to cultivate sentiment which can never find the natural channel of active benevolence. The man who catches Sterne's capacity for weeping over a dead donkey—especially a fictitious dead donkey—will end by falling into Sterne's scandalous indifference to his domestic and social duties. The feelings are precious things, and if we wastefully expend them upon mere nonentities, we shall find that we have none left for the rough work of daily life. It is much pleasanter to weep in an easy-chair, and congratulate ourselves upon our exquisite sensibility, than to encounter all the disgusting details which beset the practical philanthropist. The man, therefore, who is always indulging in the pleasures of imaginary grief naturally becomes effeminate and luxurious. His feelings become an end instead of a means; and nobody can be more hard-hearted in actual life than some who have the keenest appreciation of beautiful sentiment in the ideal world.

We must admit that this doctrine is not without facts to confirm, at any rate, its partial truth. The type which it regards as the natural product of artistic indulgence is one which really exists and is sufficiently offensive. The thoroughbred sentimentalist is often callous in actual life. Sterne, as we have said, and Rousseau, weeping over the beauty of natural affections and abandoning his children, are familiar examples; and we might possibly find some nearer to our own day. But it is obvious that the theory requires very narrow limitations. Stated absolutely, it would lead to absurd results. The habit of cultivating the emotions by imaginary indulgence leads, it would seem to imply, to a weakening of the emotions as forces in active life. If we apply this to the converse case we should become paradoxical. A man certainly does not get rid of vicious propensities by the same method. The reader of immoral literature is not generally a person of strict virtue in his practice; to study cynical and irrelevant books is not, as a rule, the best mode of learning to govern one's actions by regard for the purest and holiest motives. Mr. Swinburne makes the ingenious remark that Wycherley was so filthy-minded a writer that he would probably at this day have been a severe censor of morals; and we presume that by the same rule the purity of Milton or Bunyan shows that they would now have dabbled in the most questionable topics; but when we do not want to be epigrammatic we do not find this rule of opposites exemplified in practice. It is equally clear, again, that the best of mankind are apt to delight in solitary meditations which are not immediately translated into action. People whose lives are a continual embodiment of love to their fellow-creatures may yet find time to cultivate their emotions by the study of the nobler forms of art and literature, and are not the weaker for their indulgence. It is therefore palpably erroneous to regard the emotions as a kind of force which may either be applied to drive the machinery of active life, or dissipated in imaginary indulgence; and of which, consequently, what is applied in one sphere must be lost in the other. Some less crude hypothesis is necessary before we can approach to anything like an accurate statement of the case.

One consideration is tolerably obvious. The pleasure which we receive from reading a novel, for example, is due only in part to the indulgence of sympathetic emotions. When we read *Waverley*, we have the pleasure, it is true, of weeping over the sorrows of Flora M'Ivor, and of feeling a glow of loyalty to the unfortunate Pretender. But we also imbibe, with more or less consciousness, Scott's theories about man and nature. We learn to appreciate the beauties of lake and moor. We look through his eyes at manly and simple characters, or we come to understand what were the passions which really moved human beings a century and a half ago. In other words, though Scott is not intentionally didactic, he unconsciously impresses upon us certain psychological, moral, and æsthetic views as distinctly as though he were preaching a series of propositions, instead of setting before us a number of symbols. It would be easy enough to translate his pictorial representations into logic, and to work out the process by which Scott's romances, when assimilated by other minds, were transmuted into a set of definite philosophical or theological theories. In this sense even a more trivial novelist than Scott may become a more effective preacher than many official expounders of doctrine. By placing ourselves at his point

of view we learn to adopt his theories; we associate certain characters with the sentiments which he attributes to them; we regard certain typical figures with reverence or ridicule, as the case may be, and find ourselves in possession of a whole body of prejudices, and consequently of the code of opinions which they imply, before we have drawn any explicit inferences, or gone through any conscious process of reasoning whatever. By such means the most purely artistic writer, the man who has no intention of inculcating any definite moral whatever, may in fact be a most potent preacher; and nobody who considers the influence exercised by the greatest literary names can doubt that the artistic embodiment of a given set of ideas has often been far more effective than the philosophical analysis of logicians. In this sense, therefore, there is no difficulty in understanding how the study of fiction may have a powerful moral influence. We do not of course mean the kind of fiction which is read merely with a view to killing time. But the study of any of the greater writers tends to strengthen or weaken certain important associations of ideas; to make us regard truly noble types of character with affection, or look upon them as ridiculous or repulsive. The novelist teaches lessons as effectually as the metaphysician, the moralist, or the political economist, though in less definite terms. There is no more difficulty in understanding why the study of his books should produce a good or bad moral effect than in understanding why the study of any art or philosophy may be effective, though divorced from immediate practice. We may learn in general terms what is good and evil, and what are the penalties and rewards of vice and virtue, without simultaneously applying the doctrine to facts. The emotion does not immediately expend itself in work, but it raises the mind to that temperature at which impressions may be indelibly stamped upon it.

In this way therefore, though a man may not be stimulated to any definite good action by his reading, though he may not immediately rush out to volunteer in a good cause or put down a handsome subscription to a benevolent society, his moral nature may be enriched and stimulated. He gains a new set of associations with objects previously uninteresting. The scenery which had been dumb or inarticulate begins to talk to him with the voice of Scott or Wordsworth. He learns precisely as he would learn from the society of an intelligent companion who points out objects of interest previously unnoticed. But it may still be asked whether a further result may not occasionally follow. There is the familiar case of the lover who liked to be parted from his mistress in order that he might have the pleasure of writing sentimental letters about the pangs of separation. In like manner, when Dickens was making all England weep over the wrongs of workhouse boys or the victims of Yorkshire schools, it might be doubted whether his readers learnt to be practically benevolent or to expend all their little stock of sentiment upon imaginary woes. The question is one rather as to the use made of fiction by the reader than as to the intention of the writer. The good tendency is obvious enough. Life is apt to be a prosaic business in the main. Nine-tenths of the human race are doomed to spend most of their waking hours in a wearisome round of petty drudgery. Even those whose energy is really devoted to some great purpose have to make the unpleasant discovery that much of their activity will have to be consumed in the routine of petty details. So far as a writer makes them conscious of the more poetical side of daily life, opens their eyes to the sorrows and joys of prosaic people, enables them to widen their sympathies or to be more sensitive to the great issues which lie hidden under the surface of ordinary affairs, he is rendering them an essential service. If for a time they venture into dreamland under his guidance, something of the magic colouring may remain when they return to ordinary daylight. Though he preaches no moral of instantaneous application, he may modify their whole conception of life and its issues. But it must be admitted that it is possible to make a poison or an opiate of what ought to be a medicine. The ideal world into which we go for relief from our daily drudgery may reflect light upon ordinary things or may be an enervating region of periodical lotus-eating. Some people might think that their sympathy for *Oliver Twist* excused them from caring about any flesh-and-blood sufferer. Others might be enabled to see more vividly sorrows which they had previously passed over because embodied in commonplace outsiders. It is impossible to lay down any precise rules upon such questions; everybody has to learn for himself what is the discipline which best suits his own case; and the wisest general maxims are of very little service. Yet, without referring to individual cases, there are some marks sufficiently characteristic of the school which fosters the morbid tendency. Art which is too much divorced from reference to the actual world shows its sickness by unmistakable symptoms. It suffers from the blight of sentimentalism or sensationalism. When people begin to pet and coddle their fine feelings, and to take delight in weeping for the sake of weeping, we may be pretty sure that they are losing a proper hold upon a world in which there is always sufficient cause for melancholy without creating artificial misery. When they delight in descriptions of the horrible or the nauseous, it is plain enough that such dram-drinking implies a depraved appetite or, in other words, a hardening of the natural emotions. When such tendencies are strongly marked, as is generally the case with declining schools, we cannot doubt that the pleasure is of an enervating tendency. The emotions are not being refined and strengthened by occasional retreats into the ideal world, but are regarded as sources of luxurious enjoyment, instead of being used for daily life. In such cases we have the unfortunate familiar contrast of men who combine artistic refine-

ment with hardness and grossness in all other departments of conduct. And, of course, the natural retort is a puritanical hatred of all artistic enjoyment whatever. The history of art and literature has been too often a history of oscillation between these extremes, and we cannot be too jealous of any tendency to promote such morbid tendencies by a wide divorce between the worlds of imagination and reality.

THE PERCY CASTLES.

WHEN the student of early English history crosses the Tees, a terrible thought at once presses itself upon him. He is in the land which is not set down in Domesday. He feels himself at the mercy of pedigree-makers. If a man chooses to say that his forefathers lived at such a place before the Norman Conquest, the historian looks incredulous, but the pretender cannot always be at once sent to the right-about, as he can at any point between Carisbrooke and Northallerton. There is not always the means of at once turning to the law and to the testimony to see whether these things are so. To be sure sometimes the Survey itself will help us, even in the lands which it does not directly describe. When the Chronicle of Alnwick tells us of a certain William Tison, who died fighting by the side of Harold at Senlac, we hardly need to turn to any further authority to set aside a story which is fully set aside by the evidence of his Norman name. Yet it is something to be able to point in Domesday to the name of Gilbert Tison and to his estates, the spoil of several patriotic Yorkshiremen. We see how calmly the local romancer has borrowed a name from the other side, and we see also that, whenever he wrote, people were already beginning to think that to have been settled in a place "before the Conquest" was still grander than to have "come over with William the Conqueror." But if in the Bernician shires we are in a land where we have lost our greatest safeguard of all, its place is supplied, as well as may be, by lesser safeguards of no small abundance and value. For the genealogical antiquities, as for the antiquities of all kinds, of the shires beyond the Tees, of the palatine bishopric and the border earldom, the materials are rich, and no materials have ever been more diligently and more acutely handled by local inquirers. Indeed the great monuments of Northumbrian research, the Surtees Society and its publications, have more than a local character. They rank among the most valuable contributions to early English history. Northumberland too has been made the subject of the model county history, one of the few whose authors have remembered that the main object of writing the history of a county is to throw light on the history of the whole kingdom. Foremost in interest among the monuments of Northumberland in the narrower sense, of the earldom beyond the Tyne, stand the castles, the castles of every size and shape, from Bamburgh where the castle occupies the whole site of a royal city, to the smallest pele-tower where the pettiest squire or parson sought shelter for himself in the upper stage and for his cows in the lower. For the pele-towers of the Border-land, like the endless small square towers of Ireland, are essentially castles. They show the type of the Norman keep continued on a small scale to a very late time. Perhaps many of the "adulterine" castles which arose in every time of anarchy and were overthrown at every return of order, many of the eleven hundred and odd castles which over-spread the land during the anarchy of Stephen, may not have been of much greater pretensions. At any rate, from the great keep of Newcastle—were we not in Northumberland we should speak of the far greater keep of Colchester—to the smallest pele-tower which survives as a small part of a modern house, the idea which runs through all is exactly the same. The castles and towers then, great and small, are the most marked feature of the country. They distinguish it from those shires where castles of any kind are rare; and the employment of the type of the great keeps on a very small scale distinguishes it from the other land of castles. In Wales the Norman keep is not usual; the castles are, for the most part, later in date and more complex in plan; and the small square private tower, the distinctive feature of the North, is there hardly to be found. Northumberland has much to show the traveller in many ways, from the Roman wall onward, but the feature which is especially characteristic is that it is the land of castles.

In speaking of Northumbrian castles it is curious to see how in most minds their mention at once suggests the name of one particular family. In any matter which has to do with castles, and what have happily been called "castle times," the name of Northumberland at once calls up the name of Percy. Yet, when we come to look a little more narrowly into matters, we shall see how little Northumberland and Percy really had to do with one another. If one chose to be very precise, it would not be wrong to say that no Percy ever had anything to do with Northumberland at all, except in that elder sense of words in which Yorkshire is a part of Northumberland. As there never was a Duke, so there never was even an Earl, of Northumberland sprung from the male line of the Percy of Domesday. The Northumbrian castles which we instinctively think of as Percy castles were never held by the first, the only true line of Percies. The Percy of Domesday belongs not to the later Northumberland, but to Yorkshire. The Percies of Northumberland, the descendants of Jocelyn of Löwen, had in truth more claim to rank as Karlings than as Percies. But while surnames were still territorial, while they still marked possession of this or that place, rather than descent from this or that man, for the husband of the

heir of Percy to call himself Jocelyn of Percy was not quite the same thing as when Sir Hugh Smithson took the name of his wife's grandmother simply because it was thought to sound finer than the good old Teutonic name of his own forefathers. But the fact is that both the great Northumbrian castles which are specially suggestive of Percies were no more the work of the Karling Percies than they are of the Smithson Percies. At Alnwick almost the only feature of beauty or interest which the hand of the destroyer has spared is the one fragment which belongs to the days that give Alnwick its place in English history. The noble gateway of the ancient keep belongs to days long before the coming of Percies; it is the work of the older lords of Alnwick of the house of Vesay. So it is at Warkworth; so it is at Prudhoe. The Percy of the true line never was there at all; the Percy of the second line came in as one who dwelt in goodly houses which other men had builded. It was perhaps in some desperate effort to carry back the possession of its later lords to an earlier time, that some daring genealogist, forgetful that Percy was the name of a real spot of Norman ground, devised the tale of the soldier who pierced King Malcolm's eye at Alnwick and so took the name of *Pierce-eye*. The tale is much of a piece with other genealogical tales; only unluckily it cut two ways. It exalted the Percy of Northumberland by taking him to Alnwick before his time; but it lessened the antiquity of the Percy of Normandy and Yorkshire. For once therefore truth has got the better of error; people who believe the story how Bulstrode came riding on a bull to meet the Conqueror do not believe that the first Percy pierced the eye of Malcolm of Scotland.

But the castles of Northumberland, and the Percy castles among them, have an interest in themselves, an interest deep and varied, and quite independent either of genealogical fables or of genealogical truths. And the place of the house of Percy in English history, the place to be sure rather of the second line than of the true Percies, is one which nothing but flattery can ever lead us to forget. Its last age is perhaps the most honourable. The last Percy but one took his place alongside of Manchester and Essex. The contemporary career of the first recorded Smithson may be read in Tait's *History of Alnwick*, one of the few books of the kind which are not written in a spirit of cringing. The earlier history both of the Percies and of their castles may be studied in the volume which was published by the Archaeological Institute after its meeting at Newcastle, the work of the late Mr. Hartshorne, the best inquirer into such matters till the appearance of Mr. G. T. Clark. In his volume, in which he had some assistance from the stronger hand of Mr. Hodgson Hinde, Mr. Hartshorne gives nearly everything that can be wanted, architectural, historical, and genealogical. Mr. Clark could doubtless do it better now; but it was very well done for twenty-three years back. Only one cannot help being amused at the fervour of zeal into which Mr. Hartshorne lashes himself at every mention of the name of Percy. He works very hard to make out a case even for the double traitor who first betrayed Richard to Henry, and then rebelled against Henry in turn. Rather than own a Percy to have been in the wrong, the vulgar names of usurper and the like are showered on the deliverer to whom the Parliament of England gave the crown which was theirs to give. With Mr. Hartshorne reverence for the Percies extends to the modern bearers of their name, and he has his bursts of admiration even for the modern works to which the glories of Alnwick have given way. Yet, after all the daubing of flatterers, Percy remains a great historic name. And as, at Warkworth at least, the works of the second line of Percies are not to be despised, so Mr. Hartshorne's book, in spite of its Percy-worship, is a good and useful book, and it guides us also to several spots which never had anything to do with Percies at all.

Of the chief Percy castles, the historical importance of Alnwick belongs to its pre-Percy times. Here it was that Malcolm and his son Edward lost their lives in the days of Rufus; here it was that, eighty years later, William the Lion was taken captive, to yield to his English overlord a more full submission than any King of Scots had yielded before him. The place of the ambush by which the earlier King perished is still shown, marked by the traditional name of Malcolm's Cross, and by a ruined chapel of Romanesque date hard by. The place is a height looking out on another range to the south, while between them flows the Alne, with the lower height crowned by Alnwick Castle and town rising above it. The way in which contemporary, or nearly contemporary, writers speak of the event is remarkable. In Normandy and in the more distant parts of England men mourned for the fall of the pious King, the husband of the sainted Queen who only lived to hear of his loss. In Northern England men rejoiced at the fall of the savage invader who had five times wasted their own land. The capture of the Lion King chiefly suggests the remembrance of the special engagements by which he regained his freedom. Hitherto, though the Scottish King had been the man of the English overlord, no Scottish subject had been bound by the like allegiance, no Scottish castle had been held as a pledge of the faith of its prince. The Treaty of Falaise imposed these new burdens, and it was from these new burdens, not from the obligations of the old commendation, that the Lion of Poitou released his brother Lion of Scotland. Warkworth, of less historic fame than Alnwick, is in itself a more pleasing object of study. Bating two or three rooms in the later keep, it stands, as a castle should stand, free from the disfigurement of modern habitation. This keep, a work of the Percies of the second line, is a good study of the process by which the purely

military castle gradually passed into the house fortified for any occasional emergency. Placed on its peninsular hill rising above the Coquet, few military or domestic buildings surpass its picturesque outline. The later chapel, as well as the later hall, is in this keep; but the older chapel and the older pillared hall are still to be traced in its foundations. But the chapel was to have been more than a chapel. According to a practice found in several royal and in a few baronial dwellings, it was to have been a small minster, a cross church with an attached college, within the castle walls. In a hill-side on the other bank of the river, approached by a wooded dale, is the famous hermitage, so well known in legend, but whose history Mr. Hartshorne is driven to guess at. The chapel hewn in the rock carries us to the rock-hewn churches of Brantôme and St. Emilion. Here in England the sight of architectural details cut in the rock, an apparent vault with apparent groining and bosses, is strange and unusual. Mr. Hartshorne looks on the Hermitage as the work of the third Percy of Alnwick, the second of Warkworth, Henry by name, in the time of Edward the Third. That it is a Percy work can hardly be doubted; but it must not be forgotten that Warkworth contains, both in its castle and elsewhere, important remains of pre-Percy times. The oldest parts of the castle may have seen the coming of the Lion of Scotland, and the parish church is a large and, allowing for modern restoration, a well preserved building of Romanesque date. At Prudhoe, the castle where Percy succeeded Umfraville, the ugly house within the walls is perhaps less offensive than the turning of the ancient building itself into a modern dwelling-place. But we admire the pile as it stands above the Tyne; we admire the entrance tower, with its chapel containing the earliest known oriel window, one of the simplest and most graceful pieces of work of its kind. There is still the shattered keep, which withstood the Scottish assaults when Warkworth fell before them; where its founder, Odenell of Umfraville, kept at bay the host of the Northern King till Randolph of Glanville, the warlike Justiciar, the author of our first legal treatise, came to his help. At Prudhoe there are no Percy memories, no Percy buildings; all belongs to an elder day. The keep of the twelfth century leads us back by easy steps to a yet more venerable monument on the other side of the river. There the church tower of Ovingham, of the purest pre-Norman Romanesque, recalling Monkwearmouth itself on a scale of greater bulk and stateliness, carries us back to days when Percies were not, and when, if we may trust one of the most venerable of northern sagas, the son of Smith would have been as little likely as the son of Karl to be ashamed of his own name.

BEES.

IT is really very hard that the foundations of our faith, so elaborately laid by pastors and masters, should be sapped in all directions, and that ruthless investigators will not even leave us the insect beliefs of our childhood. Bit by bit everything is taken from us. We are not even allowed to retain the harmless fallacy that "birds in their little nests agree," or that ladybirds have a home to fly to. Prying scientific Colensos have discovered that Virgil is quite mistaken in thinking bees divine; that, on the contrary, they are subject to the worst human passions, and can contemplate with indifference the death agonies of their nearest relations. Nothing is too bad to say of the creatures which in our youthful days were held up as the pattern of every virtue. A new scandal is circulated each autumn. The last shred of character which they had left has now been pitilessly torn from them. Their industry is impugned, and they are accused, and we fear found guilty, of poaching upon fruit which was intended for preserves. It would seem that in some places they have been taken to living from hand to mouth, and have refused to lay by stores which from experience they know they will not be allowed to retain. In short, as is the case in many other industries, they have struck. Some advanced members of the race are going to fight the question of Capital versus Labour. Hitherto they have been willing to pay in golden honey for house room, and leave to make use of the natural nectar which nobody else could utilize. But some bee Bradlaugh has been teaching them better things, and they are smiting the oppressor hip and thigh in the matter of peaches and nectarines. After years of oppression they have at last asserted their rights, and politicians will ere long have a new subject presented to them for legislation. It will in many points resemble the great game question, but it will be even more difficult to settle. Perhaps it may become the political war cry of the agricultural labourer. Blackstone lays down the law very clearly on the question of the reclaiming of swarms. He has been the innocent cause of the vile rows which one sometimes hears of frying-pans and kettles beaten by only too willing schoolboys, under the delusion that the din will make the bees settle. It will soon be as difficult to arrange the compensation to be given for the injuries which bees inflict on fruit gardens as it now is to agree on what a farmer shall receive for the injuries sustained by his crops from the rabbits and pheasants. If the bees do not mend their ways they will be driven from civilized society and obliged to pick up a livelihood on waste lands and Scottish moors.

It must be a consolation to them that, notwithstanding all the aspersions lately thrown upon their character, they have at least one true friend left—a friend who apparently takes no heed to the stories afloat about their private relations or public thefts. Mr.

Ruskin wants some one to write a book for his pretty little Agnes "good as gold." It may eventually be used in the St. George's Society schools, if he lives a sufficient number of years, as we heartily hope he may, to found them. Bee-keeping will harmonize charmingly with dancing on the village green, and the songs of pretty little maidens like Agnes. Here is a great opportunity for one of Mr. Ruskin's Oxford disciples, who, though he may not be an adept at road-making, might be able to write a very delightful book under Mr. Ruskin's superintendence. Something might be done to retrieve the character of the dusty fellow powdered with gold. There would be no occasion to dwell upon the callousness of feeling which bees display towards each other. It would be unnecessary to speak of the way in which they repudiate the doctrine of Divine Right in favour of the rule of the strongest. There would be no reason to mention anything about the massacres of the drones in the autumn, or to dwell upon the way in which the exponents of female rights tear them limb from limb or leave them to die of starvation. It would be unkind of Mr. Ruskin to circulate anything against the creatures who must of all others agree most cordially with him in his detestation of railways, and who certainly sympathize with him in his love of waste lands and wild flowers. They would sign their names to any number of petitions if they could, to the effect that an agitation be got up to try to prevent our North-country primrose banks and heather braes from being turned into heaps of smoking and stifling cinders. Mr. Ruskin is afraid that soon a scientific Shakespeare for schools will be published in which we shall find "Where the bee sucks there suck I" changed in order to keep up with modern discoveries, and that the new reading will be "Where the bee licks there lurk I." He also dreads that one day he will hear "the singing masons building roofs of gold" explained to be merely "automatic arrangements of lively viscera." What Mr. Ruskin wants is not a scientific book. Agnes is only nine years old, and she is never to be crammed with useless knowledge. The book is not to tell how many species of bees have been discovered, "nor what grounds there may be for suspecting that one species is another species," "nor how conclusively Mr. C—— has proved that what Mr. B—— described as a new species is an old species." Nor yet does Mr. Ruskin want the book to tell what a bee's inside is like, or whether its brains are situated in the small of its back, or "nowhere in particular, like a modern political economist." Surely in this sentence Mr. Ruskin cannot possibly allude to himself, as we have always been under the impression that he considers political economy one of his strong points. He shudders at the idea that such a question should be discussed as "Whether the morphological nature of the sternal portion of the thorax should induce us strictly to call it the prosternum, or may ultimately be found to present no serious inducement of that nature?" The book from cover to cover must not contain the word "organ." He does not wish little Agnes's mind to be confused with two meanings to the same word, and at present he wishes her to associate an organ simply with a Savoyard and his monkey. At first Mr. Ruskin determined that her lesson on bees should begin with an explanation as to how they buzz, but on mature consideration he has decided against that course. It would involve explaining the matter to her scientifically, to which he is averse. Above all, he does not wish his little Agnes to know that a humble bee has got a drum and a Jew's harp in its stomach, and cannot help bumbling at its work, whether it likes to do so or not. There is evidently something immoral to his mind in having an automatic orchestra in one's intestines. It certainly would not be pleasant always to have a couple of instruments playing the same tune in one's inside, with occasional minor variations. We would imagine that organ-grinders must have somewhat the same sensation as humble bees. Certainly those who dislike to listen to them generally have a feeling of indigestion and general derangement so long as they are within hearing. A bee manages matters quite differently, and hums with its thoracic spiracles, and, as Mr. Ruskin thinks his little Agnes may possibly grow up good and happy without learning anything about either a thorax or a spiracle, it is better to let the matter alone. Still he would like her to know in some impossible way "by what instrumental touch a bee's angry buzz can be made to differ from its busy buzz," and what is the difference between its feeding apparatus and its building one, and what both are like. How this is to be taught without mentioning the obnoxious words species, organ, thorax, or spiracle, Mr. Ruskin only knows. He does not mind the child learning the word "proboscis" once for all, but does not see why, when we are allowed to say that an elephant takes a bun with its trunk, we should be required to state with strict accuracy that a bee gathers honey with its proboscis. For his own amusement Mr. Ruskin wants to know, and thinks little Agnes would probably like to ask, whether a bee's teeth are black or white, if they ache, whether it can bite hard, and whether it has got anything to bite. Apparently it has got the skins of the nectarines, about which the gardeners are so sore, first pierced by some other insect. Then, too, he would like to know if it has a chin, and what its lips are like, and why some flowers are called cowslips, and none are called beeslips. All these questions we hope some distinguished naturalist will answer to his satisfaction, without mentioning any of the forbidden words, or alluding to the musical instruments secreted in the interior arrangements of the *Bombus sciranthinus*. One of little Agnes's first lessons in geometry is to be trying to cut out pieces of paper and fit them into a nest as the rose-leaf bee does rose-leaves. What a fortunate little girl is Agnes dancing on the green! She has to guide her

studies a man with the most analytic mind in Europe—at least such seems to have been Mazzini's opinion, an opinion in which the owner of the great mind entirely concurs. No useless knowledge is to be drummed into her pretty little head. She must not look at anything but what is beautiful and will help her to be good. Her memory is not to be troubled with technical terms, and it is to be hoped she may never even see such a thing as a railway, although the banks made by the cuttings are not to be despised by bee-keepers, as they are sometimes excellent pasture-land. But around the residences of the St. George's Company bees are sure to thrive; they will have abundance of wild flowers, and their morals will be strictly attended to.

It seems to be now proved beyond the reach of further controversy that bees do eat fruit under certain circumstances, and that they will on occasion steal sugar from a grocer's shop as unblushingly as those hardened sinners the wasps. But it has not been proved that they prefer fruit to honeydew or molasses to natural nectar. In many parts of the country where it was once profitable to keep bees it cannot be so any longer. Improved farming has almost banished many of the weeds from which the bees drew their supplies. The closely clipped hedges of civilization do not allow of the free growth of such creepers as honeysuckle and clematis. They rob us of much hawthorn and elder blossom. Then, too, the large fields which are the necessary result of steam cultivation are against the bees. There may be fine crops of clover, beans, buckwheat, but at distances too great to be remunerative. Long journeys for food mean of course little honey stored. Whether the Ligurian bees now so largely introduced into our apiaries are more addicted to helping themselves to fruit than our native species we do not know; but one thing is certain, they will find it disagree with them. As, however, they are mild in temper, they are easily removed from one place to another, which is the true secret of bee culture. On the Nile there are bee barges which travel at night, stopping in the daytime where there is good pasturage, and Pliny speaks of the same practice, and tells how they knew by the depth to which the boats sank in the water when the hives were sufficiently full. With reference to garden bees, it used to be the custom to grow certain plants for their use. Borage, which lasts from June to November, is an invaluable protection to the fruit crop. There are other plants, such as lavender, mignonette, and common fuchsia, which cost little or no trouble to cultivate, and which are certainly no disfigurement to a garden, while they give a pleasant perfume to the air not to be had from bedding-out plants. Bright-plumaged birds do not sing, and a great proportion of the vividly coloured flowers now the fashion have no scent and little honey. All bulbous plants are of course an exception to this rule, as they are both sweet and good for food. Bees should not be kept in places where there is not either abundant wild pasturage for them or a succession of garden plants cultivated for their use. It is dishonest to have honey at the expense of other people, in the same way that it is dishonest to have pigeon-pie when the pigeons are fed on a neighbouring farmer's seed wheat. It is, however, quite possible to move the bees from place to place, to a cowslip field, a crop of beans, or a heather moor. If people keep bees for profit, they should provide them with food which they will prefer to fruit.

CARDINAL MANNING ON THE RESTORATION OF THE HIERARCHY.

IT was said the other day of the Bishop of Manchester that the only thing he could not do was to hold his tongue. The negative part of the criticism is at least equally applicable to Cardinal Manning, whose elevation to the purple seems rather to have stimulated than to have checked his natural garrulity. We say garrulity, for though his Eminence is never at a loss for words, he has a way of repeating himself which, to those who are frequently privileged to sit under him, if so Protestant a term may be allowed, must be a little tedious. The appeal to history, he has long ago told us, is treason; but that of course depends on how the appeal is made, for he seldom preaches or publishes without giving a sketch of the fortunes of the Catholic Church, either generally or in England, which is evidently intended to be historical. It was of course only natural that the twenty-fifth anniversary of the restoration of the English hierarchy, "one of the greatest acts of the Holy Father's great pontificate," should be solemnized by a public thanksgiving, and that the restored prelates should seize the opportunity of taking stock of their successes during the last quarter of a century. If the number of Roman Catholic churches and priests in England has doubled during that period, as is stated in their Pastorals, that is a very legitimate topic of congratulation for those concerned, and need not cause regret to any reasonable or religious mind, however widely opposed to their distinctive theology. The Roman Catholic population of our large towns, chiefly composed of Irish, was, and probably still is, quite out of proportion to the facilities afforded them for spiritual instruction and worship, and it is obviously much better, on social no less than other grounds, that they should be taught their own religion than left without any religion at all, which would be the practical alternative. For other reasons also, on which we may have occasion to say a word presently, the substitution of diocesan Bishops for Vicars Apostolic would be a great boon to the Anglo-Roman communion if it really carried with it all that appears at first sight to be implied. Dr. Newman in the

Apologia expresses his gratitude to Pius IX. because, "by giving us a Church of our own, he has prepared the way for our own habits of mind, our own manner of reasoning, our own tastes, and our own virtues, finding a place, and thereby a sanctification, in the Catholic Church," and he hopes that the great loss of the English element in the system since the Reformation may thus be repaired. How far this view of the matter represents the original intention of Pius IX. it is not our business to pronounce; that it does not represent the spirit and results of his policy as it has actually been carried out—least of all by Cardinal Manning—is sufficiently obvious.

Nor is it at all true to say that "the change effected by the restoration of the hierarchy was like the giving of a Legislature, with full powers of local government, under the supreme Imperial authority, to a colony hitherto governed by the Crown in Council." That is what it professed to be, but what it most assuredly was not. Where the regular organization exists which Pius IX. affected by the establishment of the new hierarchy to introduce into England, both bishops and parish priests enjoy certain fixed and independent rights secured to them by canon law. But there are no parish priests, either in name or in reality, under the Archbishop of Westminster and his Suffragans, any more than under the Vicars Apostolic whom they superseded. And these prelates themselves, though holding diocesan titles, have no diocesan jurisdiction, except in name. England is still "a missionary country," and the Bishops, like the Vicars Apostolic formerly, are kept under the thumb of the Propaganda. They have no "external forum," as was conspicuously illustrated five years ago in the dispute between Mr. Foulkes and his then diocesan, and their sonorous titles are after all *magni nominis umbra*. Thus, again, a See connotes a Chapter, to use the logical formula, and accordingly we have Canons, as well as Bishops, of Westminster, Southwark, and the other Papal dioceses. But their rights are equally shadowy, and consist chiefly in the privilege of wearing purple cassocks and tippets. In theory they elect their Bishop, but on the first vacancy of the archdiocese of Westminster, the election of the Chapter was contemptuously overruled in favour of a candidate to whom they were known to be unanimously opposed. The same thing happened last year in the case of the see of Nottingham, when all the three nominees of the Chapter were set aside, and an Oratorian of pronounced Ultramontane views from another diocese was imposed on them as their Bishop. All this may be perfectly consistent with the principle of the universal ordinary jurisdiction of Rome, as defined in the Vatican Decrees; we only say that it is wholly inconsistent alike with the old canonical rule of diocesan organization, and with the notion of "a legislature with full powers of local government." Cardinal Manning, who is a favourite at headquarters, may be able to manage matters pretty much as he likes, but an Archbishop of Westminster who manifested anything of the independent spirit of *e.g.* the late Archbishop of Paris—supposing such a person to attain that position, which is highly improbable—would very soon find he had reached the length of his tether. These, no doubt, are matters which concern the Roman communion only, and nothing could be more senseless than the outcry raised five-and-twenty years ago about the establishment of the hierarchy, except the blundering, though innocuous, bombast which provoked it. The change was reasonable and beneficial as far as it went, and those whom it immediately affects may justly complain that it did not go much further. But when we are solemnly assured on the highest authority that "it was a grace and benediction to England," and "laid again the foundations of the Divine Tradition, under the inheritance of Christianity, which had descended from St. Augustine," with much more to the same effect, it becomes necessary to observe that it simply changed eight Vicars Apostolic into thirteen Bishops, with diocesan titles and the externals of episcopal dignity, but without any diocesan jurisdiction. If the "golden link" of continuity with the ancient Church of England was broken by the act of Henry VIII., it has not been reunited by the act of Pius IX. Whether or not Archbishop Tait has forfeited all claim to the rights of St. Edmund and St. Anselm, it is very certain that Cardinal Manning neither claims such rights nor would be allowed to exercise them. The hierarchy of 1850 may or may not represent "the visible authority of the Universal Church," but it has not inherited the visible authority of the episcopate of the ante-Reformation Church in England. Cardinal Manning may argue that the new system is better than the old one. Be it so; better or worse, it is different, not identical.

We need not follow the eminent preacher through his review of English ecclesiastical history, which, as has been already hinted, he does not now propound for the first or second time. But some of what may be called his *obiter dicta* deserve a passing notice. There are two notable hits at Mr. Gladstone, to which it must be confessed he had fairly laid himself open. It is true that "Englishmen do not believe those wandering prophets who go about saying there are dark conspiracies under the earth ready to explode and destroy our public peace," or "talk the nonsense we see written sometimes about Ultramontane conspiracies." But a strong and compact organization, with a definite mind and purpose of its own, will always look to those who dislike its aims very like a conspiracy, and there has been much in the recent policy of the Vatican to encourage such an idea. There is plausibility, too, in the sneer at those who defend Ritualism on the plea that it does not symbolize doctrines. But perhaps the most remarkable of these *obiter dicta* is one which is evidently intended

and expected to conciliate the favour of the Bible-loving English people:—"They know that the word of God is in our hands preserved with such jealousy that, if a priest were to dispute the inspiration of a single text, he would be suspended from his office." What does this mean? Are we to understand that a priest who ventured to acquiesce in the all but unanimous verdict of competent critics as to the spuriousness of the famous verse about the Three Heavenly Witnesses would incur suspension? Or, if passages of undisputed authenticity are alone to be understood, are all sound Catholics bound to believe the inspiration of every word uttered by the three friends of Job, whose remarks extend not over single texts but over several chapters? If we are not greatly mistaken, the Council of Trent has decided nothing as to the nature and limits of inspiration, and very various opinions about it have been maintained by Roman Catholic divines. Of course an infallible Pope might settle the matter finally to-morrow, but is it not somewhat premature for a Cardinal who has not yet attained to the triple tiara to lay down the law so peremptorily on a confessedly difficult subject? There is a curious difference between the public deliverances of Cardinal Manning and those of his far abler, though less judicious and efficient predecessor. Nothing can be less like the high-sounding Pastoral *Extra Portam Flaminiam* than the sermons, pastorals, and speeches which emanate almost daily from the eminent personage who at present "rules, and will continue to rule," the country so happily restored to its place in the ecclesiastical orbit. Cardinal Wiseman, with all his undoubted ability, was wholly deficient in tact, and never learned to understand the character of his adopted countrymen, whose religious and national susceptibilities he was constantly irritating without the slightest intention of doing so. Cardinal Manning is not a genius at all, but he is a born diplomatist, and his training at Harrow and Oxford and subsequent Anglican experiences have secured him a thorough comprehension of the English character in its weakness and its strength. He not unfrequently, if he will pardon our adopting his criticism on a more distinguished personage, "talks nonsense," but he never talks the kind of nonsense which afflicted John Bull with so severe an attack of Pope on the brain twenty-five years ago. He knows, if not exactly how to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, how to temper the extremest pretensions of his Church to the reason and conscience of the ordinary Englishman, and he has undoubtedly won for himself, as its chief representative, a position in the country to which his illustrious predecessor vainly aspired. We agree, and are glad to agree, with him, that a repetition of the follies of the Papal Aggression panic is not at all likely to occur. How far the large claims made by himself and his colleagues to more solid successes will bear closer scrutiny is a further question which we cannot here undertake to discuss. But we may just observe that they are at least greatly exaggerated, and that the result of the Vatican Council, to which, as being mainly his own work, Cardinal Manning of course always points with unmixt satisfaction, has been very materially to diminish them.

ANTICIPATED INVENTIONS.

IN the wide range of discoveries made by man with an eye to pastime, enterprise, or the advancement of art and science, it is curious to find how much has been anticipated ages ago, and how much of the first conception, if not of the carrying out, is referable to remote antiquity. So far is this the case that one might be tempted to adopt the vein of Wordsworth and Henry Vaughan the Silurist, and to speculate upon the possibility of a prior state of being, vague reminiscences of which at times visit later generations, and suggest seeming discoveries which are after all only unconscious revivals of the forgotten. To realize the truth that there is nothing new under the sun, little more is needed than to take up any popular work on modern inventions and bring to bear upon it a moderate acquaintance with ancient literature; but of course, when, as is not very uncommon, a man's reading has been among the curiosities, corners, and byways of ancient literature, the means of verifying the adage will be proportionately abundant. Thus it is patent to a tolerable number of well-informed persons that a sort of prediction of the discovery of the mariner's compass and of the continent of America—if not, indirectly, of steam navigation—is to be found in the *Medea* of Seneca, vv. 375, &c.:

Venient annis sæcula seris
Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
Tethysque novos detegat orbes,
Nec sit terris ultima Thule;

and many more are aware that long before Sir James Simpson and the introduction of chloroform, Dioscorides, Theophrastus, Pliny, and Columella had dwelt upon the anæsthetic properties of the root "mandragora," whilst a limb is being burnt, sawn, or cut off. One of our Elizabethan dramatists speaks of the surgeons of old who,

ere they show their art,
Cast one asleep, then cut the diseased part;

and a study of any old "Herball" under the word "Mandrake" will furnish corroboration of the use of this ancient expedient for alleviating pain. The Marquess of Worcester in his *Century of Inventions* is thought to have given the first hint of the steam-

engine, and he certainly anticipated by his "water-commanding engine" not a few of the later triumphs of hydraulic science. Yet the ancients had not, we shall find, been asleep in this field. Vocal Tritons of bronze by a lake's side, and organs worked by water, have been found up to a late period in Italian gardens, and within our own recollection a water-organ existed at a nobleman's house in this country, introduced no doubt as a novelty from the Continent. But it deserves to be known that this application of water-power dates back to the days of, at the latest, the Emperor Claudius, whose water-worked Triton (as we learn from Suetonius) was a favourite Imperial toy, and served to give the signal for mimic sea-fights on the Lake Fucinus. Of this device, and of the ancient water-organ, or "Hydraulus," which was known to Cicero, Pliny, and Vitruvius, a curiously minute description exists in the resuscitated poem of *Ætina*, a fragment of probably Claudian date, and uncertain authorship, which has been edited and rendered intelligible by Mr. Munro. In this poem the water-organ is called "cortina," its strains are said to be produced by water-pressure (*carmine irriguo*), and it is described as "tuneful with unequal measures, and musical through the organist's skill rowing along or playing on the different keys, and pressing the light air by means of water" (*cf. Munro's Ætina*, vv. 293-300). Thus we see that a development of water-power which was a marvel of comparatively modern Italian gardens, and was also to be seen at work in the days of Lenotre at Versailles, was familiar to the Roman Empire before 79 A.D.; and a similar result would reward research into the early history of not a few modern devices and inventions. The art of stencilling for wall-surfaces is a case in point, though it does not indeed claim a classical origin. Stencilling is a process of printing letters or designs, consisting of cutting out patterns on thin plates of metal, or pasteboard, laying them on the surface intended to receive such patterns, and then rubbing the colour into the cut space with a brush, the plate preventing the contact of the colour with the surface except on the space cut out. We are able to trace this invention back to the Emperor Justinian and his historian, the Byzantine Procopius. Procopius records that the Emperor, unable to write his name, had a thin smooth piece of board perforated with holes in the form of the letters J U S T, which, when laid on his paper, served to direct the point of his pen, his hand being guided by another. The device was either borrowed or independently hit upon by our first card-makers, who used plates of copper or pewter, with slits on them according to the required pattern, for defining the spaces to be coloured. This account of the antiquity of stencil-work is to be found in the fortieth volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*. The date of Procopius is circ. 527 A.D. It is hardly necessary to say that shorthand, or stenography, was known to Cicero; and if we took a nearer range of fifty or a hundred years, instead of a thousand, we might prove the "atmospheric railway" and "the leviathan steamship" to have been predicted and anticipated long before they were tested by experiment. Several instances of this kind will be found in a little book on "Predictions Realized," published in 1862 by Kent and Co. The compiler of the volume, however, goes rather too far when, on the faith of a certain Captain Radford's work on the "Construction of the Ark," he attributes the gigantic proportions of our steamships to the exact pattern of that primeval vessel. We have a vague recollection of the Captain in the flesh, and how he used to air his project of a modern ark in country towns before the days of railroads. But it is absurd to say that his book influenced the minds of our great engineers; and so we exclude the Ark of Noah, which he would have reproduced on one of our tidal rivers, from the list of inventions of which the credit has been stolen by late posterity.

Turning to the games and pastimes which have been introduced in modern days, we cannot say that the now fading "croquet" had any distinct prototype in antiquity. Nor has a game with the name of "Trocho," designed, we believe, for children, any resemblance to the Greek "Trochus," which was a hoop of bronze trundled with a wooden-handled hook. Draughts, as every one knows, boast a Greek and Latin antiquity; and it is needless to say that the ancients were adepts with the gloves, when it is remembered how curiously the tactics of Hoeman and Sayers reproduced those of Pollux and Amycus, King of the Bebrycians, as narrated by Theocritus. The fashionable game of "Polo" can be traced back to at least a Byzantine origin, even if its claim to more classical antiquity, as the "paganica pila" played by horsemen, is slender and shadowy. A French writer, M. L. Becq de Fouquières (1869, Paris), says, in his *Jour des Anciens*, p. 203, that this ball was midway in size and hardness between the larger "folis" and the smaller "pila," about the size of an apple, and cased in leather; and he surmises that it may have been the special requisite for equestrian ball-play. Be this as it may, the counterpart of Polo was undoubtedly played by the Byzantine emperors and their sons. The historian of the reign of Manuel Comnenus (A.D. 1143-80), Joannes Cinnamus, furnishes a full account of this royal game, describing the skill required for it and the dangers attaching to it. The Emperor Manuel, himself a warrior and an athlete, made proof of the latter, as will be seen from the following abridgment of a translation of the passage in question. The Emperor, having come to Byzantium to make preparations for a great military campaign in the next spring, had his plans frustrated by an accident. At the turn of the winter he and his sons resorted to the favourite pastime of their rank and ancestry, which was this:—"Certain young men, choosing equal sides, throw

a leather ball of the size of an apple into a space measured out for the purpose according to agreement. Then they ride at full speed towards it as if it were a prize set in the midst, having all of them in their right hands wands of moderate length, and of rounded breadth at the end, which is a sort of hoop covered with a network of dried string. Both sides try which can first send the ball beyond the already prescribed goal or barrier, and the victory consists in being the first to pass with it one or other of the network boundary-lines. The game is peculiarly dangerous and liable to accident, because a vigorous player must needs stoop frequently and bend himself to one side or other, so as to wheel round his steed, and ride in different directions, and adopt different sharp turns and evolutions according to the course of the ball." In one of these evolutions the Emperor's horse fell with him, and upon him, with such weight and force that he seriously injured his thigh and hand; notwithstanding which he courageously remounted, and, not deterred by the pain, pursued the game for a few more courses, until, as the agony increased perceptibly, he had to quit the exercise-ground for his bed. Here he seems to have become insensible, and remained so for a couple of days; nor indeed, when he had left his bed and started on his march, does he appear to have soon got over the effects of his accident. So much for Manuel Comnenus, the first Polo player we are acquainted with, and one whose accident terminated, after all, more lightly than those which have befallen some modern players. We do not learn whether a strong pony was then, as in modern times, deemed the best mount for this sport, but the general features of the ancient and modern games are for the most part alike. The recent introduction of Polo into England is due to some English officers who had played it in India.

Captain Boyton's now famous "swimming dress" was also forecast at a distant period. Even average classical readers may be surprised to learn that the Captain is open to a charge of piracy from a no less ancient hero than Dardanus, who used his swimming dress in Deucalion's flood. So at least we learn from Lycophron, the Alexandrian iambic poet, who flourished about 260 B.C., and who, in vv. 73-6 of his *Cassandrea*, represents the father of the Dardanian race as having swum with his body wrapt in an inflated leathern dress from Saos to the Trojan coast. The Greek lines are as follows:—

ὅς ποτ' ἐν βάρπῳ σκύτει
ὁποῖα πόρκος Ἰστριεύς τετρασκελὴς
ἀσκό μνηρῆς ἀμφελιγρόσας δέμας
ῥειθυμνιάτης κέφρος ὡς ἐνέχματο. κ.τ.λ.

These are not so hard to interpret as a good deal of Lycophron's Greek, although Lord Royston in his translation contrived to involve the sense of his copy far beyond that of the original; and, although a wrong idea of the details of the passage has been derived by a correspondent of the *Times*, who first drew attention to the parallel, from his interpretation of *μνηρῆς*. This he takes to mean "by the aid of a paddle," and the interpretation of one of the scholiasts, *μονόκωπος*, to a certain extent supports this view. But the first sense of *μνηρῆς* is "lonely" or "solitary," and it only gets the sense of "with a single bank of ours" much more remotely. In elucidation of the passage we may point out that the simile of the Istrian bear seems to refer to the "sewed hide," and that of the Cretan gull (for *Rithymnia* is said to have been a city of Crete, the shores adjacent to which were thronged with gulls and other sea birds), to the hero's swimming or skimming the seas; and, thus much premised, the following is a rough literal version of what the poet says of Dardanus:—

Who erst in leathern hide,
Like some four-footed bear from Danube's bank,
Alone, his body cased in baggy skins,
Swam, like some Cretan gull, across the straits.

Lord Royston appears to have attributed to this early navigator a boat of kindred character to those macintosh or indiarubber apparatuses which are advertised by Messrs. Cording and others; but it is quite clear that the poet represents him as having donned a swimming dress. So that, if we could credit Captain Boyton with a first-rate classical training, it would be conceivable that he took his first idea from reading Lycophron. But then, we submit, he would have mistranslated *μνηρῆς*. Dardanus swam *alone* because all the rest of the world was drowned. Dardanus had no paddle. His feat was not, any more than Leander's or Lord Byron's, comparable in extent or sustained endurance to the recent ones of Boyton and Webb, and we are glad to find that modern physical prowess has been proved to be equal, if not superior, to that of the ancients. Still that adjective *μνηρῆς*, in its literal sense, does appear to point out one element in the classical swimming feats which the modern lack—namely, that Dardanus, Leander, Byron, had no steamers in attendance to pick them up if their strength failed, no brothers or friends close at hand in boats in case of exhaustion, no cigars or other refreshments within their reach. Viewed in this light the ancient feat was more heroic, though the modern appears to be safer and more lucrative. Anyhow, this last is far from being the least curious of anticipated inventions.

THE MEDICAL SCHOOLS.

AN address to students at a Hospital might insist on the antiquity of medicine, and still more of surgery. The Earl of Aldborough, if he had been a chief of the long-haired Achæians, might have suspended a votive tablet in the temple of Æscula-

pius. Not only had the Greeks surgeons at the siege of Troy, but they treated them with more respect than has been usual in modern armies. Thus, when Machaon is wounded by Paris with an arrow, Idomeneus asks Nestor to take this professor of healing in his chariot, and drive him to the rear:—

ἰητρός γὰρ ἀνὴρ πολλῶν ἀντάξιός ἄλλων—

a sentiment which, we fear, has never to this day been heartily adopted by our own War Office. The doctor is welcome when the soldier is sick, but snubbed and thwarted when he proposes to avert sickness. Many of our military arrangements have proceeded on the principle that prevention is not better than cure; and even in civil life the importance of sanitary regulations has been slowly and painfully established. It may be noticed that the Greeks, besides taking surgeons with them in war, had themselves some skill in treating wounds. Thus Eurypylus begs Patroclus to cut out an arrow from his thigh and to dress the wound, using remedies which he had learned from Achilles, who had been taught by Cheiron; for, says he, one of our doctors lies wounded in his tent and himself needs a doctor, and the other is in the field of battle. It must be admitted that Machaon does not in his own person give a very instructive example of surgical practice, for he sits down in Nestor's tent, has a good drink of wine, and listens to a long story, and that is all, except that we hear that he is going to take a bath. But the profession in all ages has been open to the remark that it displays an aversion, probably well founded, to taking any of its own medicine. These passages, however, show that considerable skill in surgery had been attained in Homer's age, and the same conclusion may be drawn from the records of ancient Egypt, as was, we believe, first observed by the scientific men who accompanied Bonaparte to that country in 1798. There are obvious reasons why surgery, at least in some branches, should have advanced more rapidly than medicine. The controversy between Dogmatists and Empirics could hardly have applied to surgery, which is necessarily to a great extent empirical. The surgeon, too, may be said to be born, not made. He should, says Celsus, have a firm hand, or rather two firm hands, for he must be ambidextrous; his eye must be clear and his mind intrepid. These qualities cannot be derived from books, good or bad, whereas the physician has much to learn from books, and the influence of books has been felt by doctors and patients for many ages. It was possible to argue without end about the causes and remedies of internal disease, but if a man had an arrow sticking in his thigh, there could not be much controversy whether it should be cut out, and the question how to do this was best answered by experience, preserved by tradition. Even in medicine it has at length been confessed that observation is better than conjecture, but in former times the head of a school invented a system and his pupils occupied themselves in forcing facts into agreement with it, and thus much worthless literature was accumulated. The peculiar merit of Sydenham is said to be that in an age of brilliant theories he applied himself to questioning Nature herself, thinking that, "though the practice of physic may seem to flow from hypotheses, yet, if the hypotheses are solid and true, they in some measure owe their origin to practice." By treading in this path Sydenham gained an enduring name, while many of his superiors in learning, perhaps his equals in genius, are forgotten, or remembered only as instances of the misapplication of great gifts to little purpose. It may be seriously doubted whether the destruction of the medical books of the Alexandrian Library other than the treatises of Hippocrates would not have been a blessing to mankind. Medical students in some ages and countries—but certainly not in ours—have been compared to English travellers on the Rhine who are so busy with their guide-books that they never look at the ruins or the scenery. For a long time after the death of Galen physicians were chiefly occupied in commenting on his works and imitating his practice. His writings were regarded as an ultimate authority, and everything that seemed opposed to them was at once rejected. Galen wrote under the Emperors Pertinax and Severus, and it would be difficult to decide whether medicine suffered more after his time from the incursions of barbarians or the influence of his writings. We might almost say that from Hippocrates to Galen medicine was in some sense progressive, but after Galen it declined in Europe, and at best remained stationary among the Arabs. But it must be said in Galen's praise that anatomy was his favourite pursuit, and it was not his fault that he had few opportunities of dissecting the human subject. His passion for theorizing was, however, so great that he has left few good descriptions of disease, and unhappily his theories retarded the progress of science more than his researches advanced it. If observed facts did not accord with Galen's theories, then, in the opinion of his disciples, it was so much the worse for the facts. It is from Hippocrates rather than from Galen that modern medicine would prefer to derive itself. For Hippocrates was a rational empiricist. He did not attempt to form his theories from *a priori* reasoning, but he observed the phenomena of nature, and deduced from them such conclusions as these phenomena would justify. His scope of observation was more limited than that of Galen, but his power within that scope has never been surpassed. His vivid descriptions of disease are still read with admiration, and it may be noticed in proof of the antiquity of some of the best parts of medical practice that he mentions auscultation. In surgery, not only operations, but instruments now in use, have been known from early times, and there were persons who made it their special business to perform particular operations, as, for instance, lithotomy. The

author of the oath attributed to Hippocrates binds his pupils not to perform this operation, but to leave it to persons accustomed to it. The birth of Hippocrates is placed at 460 B.C., and it seems, therefore, that "specialists" are of high antiquity.

It was well said in one of the addresses delivered last week at the London Hospitals that a brief history of scientific medicine would be instructive. One guide of early practitioners was observation of the habits of animals, who seem to possess an instinctive knowledge of the curative properties of certain herbs. It is even said that some hints in surgery have been derived from the same source. This lecturer truly said that it was Hippocrates who first taught men the right way to attain a mastery over nature; and he added that from the time of Hippocrates medical science never came up to his standard of excellence again for two thousand years. The reasoning power of Galen is estimated by this lecturer much below that of Hippocrates, yet the views he taught ruled absolutely for one thousand five hundred years. Another lecturer referred to the history of medicine to show that it had reflected in every age the state of the sciences in general, and the phases of speculative thought. This is true, and we may add that the influence of physical science on medicine has on the whole been good, although it must be allowed that the so-called "mechanical" school of medicine was at one time an obstacle to real progress. This part of the history of the profession was probably in the mind of the lecturer when he spoke of the value of the special pursuits of his hearers "in correcting the inevitable tendency of a purely mathematical training to lead us to expect definite results." In the medical sciences, he says, probable and approximate data only could be obtained, and the anticipation of grasping all the factors concerned in the production of a diseased state, and of possessing certain means of combating it, is quite Utopian. This lecturer quoted some examples where remedies had been neglected for long periods, and then again brought into everyday practice, and he dwelt upon the value of the traditional element in medical practice. Speaking generally, we should say that the methods of antiquity are more valuable than its theories, and its surgical instruments and operations are preferable to its prescriptions. Chemistry and maritime discovery have largely extended the choice of medicines, but surgery is still what its name implies, a work to be done by hand. More than one lecturer dwelt on the importance of preventive medicine or hygiene, and it may be said that, if this country is to continue to be lived in, something must be systematically done to abate nuisances. The tendency of modern civilization has been alleged to be to make places for barbers of ten years' standing, but it begins to appear now that Officers of Health will be largely employed, and they will naturally come to a great extent from the medical profession. The fear which has been recently expressed that medicine will cease to be considered a liberal profession might, we think, be set at rest by a perusal of the reports of these addresses. The students of the London Medical Schools are well taught, and they have before them the prospect of higher consideration, and probably of increased emolument. If the students of Charing Cross Hospital are capable, as their lecturer assumes, of being aroused to a sense of duty by contemplating Nelson's Column and the statues of Napier and Havelock, we can only hope that their standard of excellence in medicine and surgery will be higher than it is in art. Another lecturer more appropriately reminded his hearers that the close connexion of medical study with physical science might give the medical profession in the present age the same social prestige and power as other professions had in former times derived from their monopoly of classical learning. It is everything, he says, to be on the side of one of the great moving forces of society, and physiology is now what Greek was in the age of Erasmus. This perhaps is rather a broad statement, but a student who employs his three years of school and hospital study well will find at the end of it that he knows a good deal of several matters of which the majority of mankind are wholly ignorant while confessing their ignorance. Medicine, says this same lecturer, presents perhaps the best example in the whole history of human knowledge of the gradual substitution of the basis of experience for that of tradition, dogma, or metaphysical preconception. He would be forced to confess, however, that this substitution has been very gradual indeed, since, although it began with Hippocrates, it also for many centuries ended with him, and from his time to that of Sydenham it was not resumed. We should concede to him, however, that metaphysical preconception has done great harm to medicine. But it must not be forgotten that experience or observation without reasoning power is also mischievous. The merit of Hippocrates was that he combined the two. As this lecturer speaks of the present as "the age of Darwin," we may remark, what must be evident to a cursory reader of Mr. Darwin's books, that in him observation is often stronger than judgment. Medicine, says this lecturer, is now almost, if not quite, subdued by the modern spirit, more completely than moral or political science, but less so than chemistry and physics. He seems here to forget that the body natural or the body politic is not a mere vessel into which you may put certain ingredients and grind them up. The caution of another lecturer against expecting definite results is perhaps more needed by students, and certainly by the public, who are too often victims to some form of quackery which promises infallible cures.

ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

NO one can feel much surprise at hearing that the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, is to be restored. The idea conveyed by the word "restoration" has become so peculiar that it is used without offence in many cases where it means something very different from what it meant twenty years ago. To restore sometimes means simply to beautify, as when we were recently told of the restoration of St. Sepulchre's, where crockets were put upon the plain finials of the tower. Sometimes, again, it means to transform or transfigure, as in the case of St. Michael's, Cornhill, which has been made into a very mediæval, Italian-Gothic kind of structure, as unlike what Sir Christopher left it as was possible without rebuilding. Sometimes, however, nothing less than rebuilding is implied. In this sense we read the other day of the "restoration" of the church of Hughenden. Again, it may mean, as in a case which occurred a few years ago in Wiltshire, and which occurs in other places every week, that the fittings of a church are renewed in such wise that a Perpendicular building is found to contain seats and stalls of the style in use two centuries before the church itself existed. As a rule, however, "restoration" means simply the removal from the church of all traces of the architecture of the past three hundred years, the crowding of all seventeenth and eighteenth century tablets and monuments into the tower, the destruction of floor tombstones, the removal of brasses, sometimes to the vicarage, sometimes to the church walls, and the substitution of cheerful tilings for the "cold *hic jacet* of the dead." Some of these alterations are for the better, others are for the worse. The history of a majority of our parish churches appears to break off suddenly at the accession of Henry VIII. In some even Perpendicular work is removed with Elizabethan. What became of the fine renaissance screen at Minster? If we are not greatly misinformed, it was once to be seen in the carpenter's shed of a neighbouring village. Where are the fine armorial monuments which once adorned the Temple Church? It is said that they still exist, lining the walls of the organ chamber and half hidden with bellows and pipes. Where are the chained Bibles of half a dozen churches, the hour-glasses, the carved oak pulpits, the banners and hatchments? All these things are not perhaps equally to be regretted. It must be allowed that our parish churches are wonderfully neat and new-looking. They are much better adapted for service than they were when they had "three-decker" pulpits, square pews, and low Norman arches dividing nave and chancel. But their history has been wiped off them. No modern Gray could write an elegy under the shadow of a "restored" church. Where would be the owl or her ivy-mantled tower? Her ancient solitary reign has been molested once and for ever in most rural hamlets, the heaving turf has been made into flower-beds, and the yew-tree's shade falls upon a well-gravelled walk and a trim box-edging. A church wholly unrestored is a thing to be mentioned in guide-books, as a sight so rare as well to deserve a visit from the curious traveller.

But St. Margaret's will bear a great deal of "restoration" and be none the worse. The hopelessness of making it anything but what it is, the ugliest Gothic church in Westminster, has probably so far caused it to be passed by while the Abbey and Henry's Chapel, Westminster Hall, and even the crypt of St. Stephen's, were swept and garnished. The fact is, it has enjoyed such an excellent state of repair for years past that it was absurd to talk of "restoration" so long as "restoration" meant what it used to mean. Now that we know better, there can be no longer an excuse for letting it alone. The long respite is partly due to the series of sufferings which St. Margaret's underwent long before other churches were touched. There are few churches in England which have undergone so many and such complete restorations. Mr. Walcott's History consists for the most part of odd notes strung together without reference to chronological order, and it is by far the most accessible account of the church. But even though he interrupts his narrative of one "restoration" by a horrible story of a woman burnt at Tyburn for a murder at Westminster, it is easy to make out that the repairs carried on in past years have been not only thorough but frequent. Mr. Walcott enumerates nine or ten grants of money by Parliament for the repair of St. Margaret's, beginning in 1650 with a vote of 200*l.*, and ending with 1,200*l.* in 1845. In addition to the dates he gives, the leaden spouting, which superseded the old gurgoyles, has 1780 upon it. The church has long, for some reason, been considered a sort of chapel for the House of Commons, but both Houses sit within the parish boundaries, and both used formerly to attend service in St. Margaret's. Mr. Walcott tells us that it was re-dedicated by Cardinal Pole in 1555, but no record of the fact remains in the parish records, which are unusually complete, although there is ample notice of the "Reconsecration" which followed on a murder described in Machyn's *Diary* in that year; when, as we gather from the churchwardens' accounts, three capons were provided, among other things, for the "bysshoppes dynner," at a cost of seven shillings.

The historical associations which gather about such a church as St. Margaret's are fortunately independent of the outward condition of the building. Scott's tomb in the ruins of Dryburgh one feels to be the appropriate resting-place of such a man. The St. Clairs are worthily laid in Roslyn. But surroundings like these are not necessary to the shrines of hero-worship. It is enough for the sentimental journalist to stand by the actual grave, whether it be in

Kensal Green or Stoke Pogis, at Norwood or Hucknall. It is therefore a matter of indifference, as far as the memories of Caxton and Raleigh are concerned, whether St. Margaret's is restored or not. There can be little doubt that both were buried within the church. Caxton lived in a house known as the "Reed Pale," which may perhaps be translated into "Red Paling," standing as nearly as possible where the red column stands now, opposite the entrance to the Dean's Yard. He probably died in 1491, and though registers had not yet been invented, the churchwardens' accounts record the expenditure, some time between 1490 and 1492, of 6s. 8d. for torches and 6d. for bell ringing, at the "bureying of William Caxton." He deserved this favour from the parish, to which he left some copies of his *Golden Legend*, afterwards sold by the wardens for the benefit of the poor. In 1496, for example, we read of the receipt of 6s. 8d. for "cone of thoo printed bookes that were bequethen to the church behove by William Caxton." Did Caxton, when he expressed such admiration of Chaucer in printing the *Canterbury Tales*, know that the great poet had lived close to St. Margaret's while he was clerk of the works at the Abbey, and that on a memorable occasion he attended in St. Margaret's Church, and gave those few words of evidence in the Scrope and Grosvenor Controversy which have been of such importance to his biographers? This was upwards of a hundred years before Caxton's death, and all personal recollections of Chaucer may have perished from Westminster in that time. In the south aisle, near the east end, is the tablet which the Roxburgh Society put up in 1820, at the instance of "Froggy" Dibdin, to whom Caxton was a sort of patron saint; but the exact date of the great printer's death could not be recovered to be included in the epitaph. That he was buried within, and not without, the church was a matter of faith with Dibdin and his friends, but it has by no means been proved; and it is very possible that his grave, like the graves of one or two men of even greater eminence, is only in the churchyard. Although Raleigh's headless body was laid in the chancel more than a century after the death of Caxton, and though the great changes at the Abbey which marked the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth had taken place during its lapse, the precincts of the palace were probably little changed; during the two hundred and fifty years which have now almost elapsed everything has been altered. Hollar, who himself lies near the tower, has preserved for us much of the appearance of the place fifty years after Raleigh had started from Old Palace Yard on his last long journey. When the wide roadway between the east end of the church and the opposite law courts was known as St. Margaret's Lane and was full of houses, one of them being the Ordnance Office; when a gateway stood where Lord Derby's statue stands now, and another close to Henry VII.'s Chapel; when another gateway marked the end of King Street, and the busy corner where Parliament Street now opens into Bridge Street was part of a continuous row of houses reaching to the water gate at the river's edge, Westminster presented a very different aspect from that which at the present day allows the full ugliness of St. Margaret's Church to be seen. A network of Parliamentary offices, narrow gardens, canons' houses, Gothic archways, almshouses, sanctuaries, and chapels, filled all the space now green and open. The buildings encroached on the churchyard, and even on the Abbey, and many of us remember when Victoria Street was unthought of, and the Dean's Yard was only one of a labyrinth of little squares and narrow lanes of squalid houses, a nest of fever and vice, the despair of reformers and the delight of antiquaries. Perhaps there is no other part of our great city so much transformed as Westminster within living memory. The old Palace, all but the Hall and some of its minor buildings, has disappeared. King Street is no longer the great thoroughfare from Charing Cross. The Clock Tower is gone, as well as the Abbot's Prison. The Sanctuary exists only in name. The Conduit, near which Raleigh's scaffold stood, is gone. So is the "Chapel" in which the first English printers assembled with their "Father"; and of all the buildings which joined the Abbey to the Palace on the northern side only St. Margaret's remains. The Weigh House has shared the fate of the Woolstaple. Statues of statesmen look down on beds of geraniums where Elizabeth Woodville took refuge from Gloucester, and it would be as hard to find the site of "Purgatory," where the ducking-stool for scolds was kept, as to identify the place of "Hell," where the King's debtors were confined, or the house of Sternhold, the joint author with Hopkins of the "Metrical Psalms." A greater sacred poet than Sternhold is connected with St. Margaret's churchyard. It was here, we read, some time in the last century, that a weakly boy, crossing the ground one dark evening towards his home in the school, saw the glimmering lantern of a gravedigger at his ghastly work, and, approaching to look on, with the morbid craving for horrors which afterwards developed so gloomily, was struck on the leg by a skull heedlessly thrown out of the already crowded earth. To the mind of William Cowper such an accident had an extraordinary significance, and in after life he remembered it as the occasion of a religious impression which never wore away. A less gloomy cause of speculation may still be found in the same graveyard. A stone not far from the south aisle is marked in rapidly fading characters with a name which Cowper has for ever commemorated. The burial-place of Mr. John Gilpin was then probably fresh and new; the name, now so famous in every nursery, had then been but lately cut upon the stone; and though the fact has never been noticed by the poet's numerous biographers, we

may well believe that it was in this place he received the first impression of an idea which he afterwards so pleasantly worked out for generations of happy children.

THE OLD VANGUARD.

IT is a remarkable and unpleasant fact that two of the finest, or at least of the most expensive, ships of the new construction have been named in commemoration of Nelson's services, and both are at the bottom of the sea. In 1797 the broad pennant of Commodore Nelson was carried by the 74-gun ship *Captain*, which belonged to the fleet commanded by Sir John Jervis. At that time both Spain and Holland were in alliance with France against us, and a combination of the French and Spanish fleets had driven the British flag from the Mediterranean. At the close of the year 1796 Sir John Jervis was at anchor in the Tagus, and the grand fleet of Spain lay in Carthage. Early in next year this fleet passed Gibraltar, intending first to visit Cadiz, and, if not intercepted, to sail thence to Brest, join the French fleet, and proceed with it to Holland, and then the combined fleets of the three Powers were to invade England. On the 14th February, 1797, Sir John Jervis fell in with the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, and gained a victory which frustrated this combination and earned for himself a peerage. The part taken by Nelson in this battle first indicated his great capacity to the nation, and it so happened that two Spanish line-of-battle ships surrendered to the *Captain*, although they were reduced to submission partly by the fire of other ships. The British fleet had been in line on the star-board tack, and the *Captain* was the last ship but two. The Spanish fleet was in two divisions, and the British fleet passed between them. The main division was running past the British fleet, and aiming to cross its rear and join the ships which had been temporarily cut off. Instead of following the leading ships of the British line, and tacking in succession, Commodore Nelson gave the order to wear the *Captain*, and thus brought her into close action. It has been disputed whether this was done in obedience to any signal from the Admiral, or by divination of his wish. The effect was to gain for the *Captain* the principal part in an important victory. After about two hours of close action the ship had been so damaged as to become unmanageable, and the only course open to her was to board the Spanish ship *San Nicolas*, which was nearest to her. A soldier of the 69th Regiment broke the upper quarter gallery window of the Spanish ship, and Nelson and others jumped into her cabin. He pushed thence to the quarter-deck, where he found his first-lieutenant in possession and the Spanish ensign hauling down. At this moment a fire of musketry opened from a second Spanish ship, which was foul of the first, and Nelson called on his people to follow him in boarding her, and was helped by them into her mainchairs. A Spanish officer said that they surrendered, and Nelson made his way to the quarter-deck, and there received the swords of the Spaniards, which, he says, "I gave to William Fearnley, one of my bargemen, who put them with the greatest sangfroid under his arm." The *San Nicolas* was of equal force with the *Captain*, and the *San Josef* was a first-rate ship of 112 guns. In memory of that day, the name of Nelson's ship was given to that splendid exemplification of the turret principle which now lies many fathoms deep in the Bay of Biscay.

Later in the same year Nelson failed in an attack on Tenerife, and lost his arm. Having recruited his health in England, he was sent out next year in the *Vanguard* of 74 guns to rejoin Earl St. Vincent off Cadiz, and was immediately detached under orders from home to the Mediterranean to ascertain the object of the rumoured preparations at Toulon. The fleet and transports carrying Bonaparte and an army to Egypt sailed from that port on the 19th May, 1798, and on the 2nd July the French took possession of Alexandria. The chief part of Nelson's fleet could not be detached from off Cadiz until the 24th May, so that the French had a good start of their pursuers. Nelson tracked them to Malta, but they had taken the island, left a garrison, and quitted it before he arrived, and he could only guess that they had gone to Egypt. He missed them on this which really was their road, and arrived at Alexandria on June 28th to find the harbour empty and the Turkish Governor disposed to regard him equally with the French as an enemy. He departed as quickly as he came, and the French arrived three days afterwards. Nelson returned to Syracuse, and there obtained not only provisions and water, but certain intelligence that the French were gone to Egypt. His fleet again set sail, and a fresh breeze astern and a heavy following sea drove them rapidly towards the goal of their hopes. On August 1 Alexandria was sighted, and the port was seen to be full of French ships, but there were few men-of-war among them. Soon, however, one of Nelson's look-out ships signalled to him that a fleet of line-of-battle ships lay at anchor in Aboukir Bay. This signal was made a little before 1 p.m., and by 3 p.m. Nelson had determined to attack that night, and made the signal to prepare for battle. At 4 p.m. he made the signal to prepare to anchor by the stern. The French fleet was anchored in a line which may be roughly described as extending from north-west from the shoal surrounding Aboukir island towards the south-east. The wind was north-north-west. The British fleet, steering to the eastward, was at 5.30 p.m. nearly abreast of the extremity of the shoal. Signal was now made to form in line ahead and astern of the Admiral as most convenient from the position of the

ships. About this time Nelson hailed the *Zealous* to know if Captain Hood thought the ships were far enough to the eastward to bear up. Captain Hood replied that the *Zealous* was then in eleven fathoms, and he had no chart of the bay; but he would bear up and by sounding carefully carry the Admiral as close to the shoal as could be done with safety. This was agreed to; and the *Zealous* then, with the wind on the larboard quarter, bore away, and rounding the shoal brought the wind on her starboard beam. This minute description is necessary to convey a just idea of the seamanship displayed.

The *Goliath*, which was the leading ship, had probably not rounded the shoal so closely. Then came the *Zealous*, and when the line was formed the *Vanguard*, bearing Nelson's flag, was the fifth ship. This line consisted of only eleven ships, for Nelson, having no look-out frigates, was obliged to spread his fleet in cruising, and thus three ships were at some distance when the battle began. If there had been less perfect confidence between the Admiral and the captains of his fleet, the attack would have been deferred to daylight, and in the night the French would, if possible, have escaped. The rapidity and precision with which the eleven ships formed the line elicited the admiration of the French, and more so on account of the "pêle-mêle" way in which the ships had approached. At about 6.20 p.m. the leading ships of the French line opened fire on the *Goliath* and *Zealous*. These two ships successively crossed the head of the French line between it and the island, and, raking the leading ships, anchored inside them. A broadside from the *Zealous* at musket-shot distance brought down the foremast of one of the French ships just as the sun was sinking into the horizon. No British ship except these two had as yet fired a shot, and this auspicious commencement of the attack was greeted with three cheers by the whole fleet. Nelson had resolved to complete the capture or destruction of the French van ships ere he made any serious attempt on the ships in the rear, being aware that these, from their leeward position, would be unable to afford any immediate support to the former. As the first step in the execution of this plan, the *Vanguard* edged away towards the outer side of the French line, exposed, in passing, to a raking fire from the van, and at 6.40 p.m. anchored within eighty yards of the starboard beam of the third ship of the French line. Other British ships followed the *Vanguard*, and Nelson's plan was carried out with wonderful accuracy, considering that his ships had no steam to help them to their stations. The five leading French ships had eight close assailants, but the two next ships of the British fleet each undertook, single-handed, an antagonist too strong for her. It happened, too, that the *Bellerophon* dropped her stern anchor so as to bring up abreast instead of on the bow of the fine French three-decker *L'Orient*. The *Majestic* also brought up abreast, and within musket shot, of a powerful opponent, and soon lost her captain, who fell into the arms of victory, as appears from his monument in St. Paul's. Yet, by a combination of good judgment and fortune, some of the British ships were so placed as almost to destroy their enemies with only moderate loss to themselves. Thus the *Zealous*, on the inner or larboard bow of the first French ship, raked her from almost a safe position, until Captain Hood, tired of slaughter, and having hailed again and again without answer, sent his first lieutenant and took possession of the Frenchman. Her loss in killed and wounded was estimated at half her complement, or at least 350 men, while the *Zealous* had only seven men wounded. The second French ship was overpowered as completely, and surrendered earlier. The third French ship had for her principal assailant the *Vanguard*, and as two other British ships could bring some of their guns to bear on her, it is not wonderful that she was reduced to surrender about the same time as the leading ship. But the *Vanguard*, having, besides the broadsides of this third ship, been exposed to a raking fire from the fourth French ship, lost severely. She had 30 men killed and 76 wounded, and Nelson himself received a painful though not dangerous wound. The fourth French ship also surrendered, and the fifth, being greatly disabled, parted her cable and dropped out of the line.

Thus by 9.30 p.m., or about three hours after the commencement of the action, the five leading French ships were disposed of. But the *Bellerophon* found her station hotter than she could bear, and the same may be said of the *Majestic*. Two of the three British ships which were at a distance when the battle began had now come near enough to take part in it, but Captain Trowbridge, in the *Culloden*, was fast upon the rocky shoal, and, except that his ship served as a beacon to the other two which followed him, he might as well have been in Portsmouth harbour. One of these ships, the *Swiftsure*, was coming up guided by the flashes of the guns when she met in the darkness a dismasted ship without light or colours flying, and was about to fire into her as an enemy, but, hailing first, was answered, "*Bellerophon*, going out of action disabled." Instantly the stern anchor was let go, and the *Swiftsure* brought up nearly in the spot which the *Bellerophon* had just quitted, and opened fire upon the French three-decker. The *Alexander*, following her leader, joined in the attack upon *L'Orient*, and the *Leander*, of 50 guns, which had been detained to help the *Culloden*, now came up, and also assailed this, which was the strongest part of the French line. Fortune combined with skill and valour to make Nelson's victory complete. About 10 p.m. *L'Orient*, which had been for some time on fire, blew up. The nearest British ships had made every preparation for this explosion, and managed to extinguish the fires kindled by the burning fragments which fell upon them.

The destruction of the French flagship was decisive of the battle, although firing was again more than once renewed. The *Culloden* was got off the rocks during the night, and although she was making seven feet of water in an hour, a sail was thrummed and put under her bottom, and we find her next year at Naples. Such an accident would probably be fatal to a man-of-war of the present day. The French fleet had consisted of only thirteen ships, but one of these, *L'Orient*, was nearly equal to two English ships, and three others were more powerful than any of their opponents; also, one of the English ships carried only 50 guns. We may safely say, therefore, that the French fleet was at least as strong in tonnage, men, and guns as the English; but the difference in skill, and in that confidence which skill inspires, was wonderful; and it was the growth of only a few years. In 1794 Lord Howe was not properly supported by all his captains, and the victory which he gained over the fiery energy of the newly-born Republic was the more welcome because not very confidently expected. But in four years all had changed. That quality, whatever it was, which made French soldiers victorious over Continental armies, either did not exist among their sailors, or it had no effect when Englishmen were their opponents. It is evident that the best hope of the brave and skilful Admiral Bruys, and of Bonaparte who instructed him, was that the French fleet might steal away from Egypt before Nelson could pounce upon it. On the other hand, the sure eye and firm hand of a great commander were never more clearly shown than in Nelson's conduct in Aboukir Bay. He might have truly said "*Veni, vidi, vici.*" Almost all his captains gave either before or afterwards some conspicuous proof of ability, and yet they were not specially selected. All the ships but one were of the same class of two-decked line-of-battle ships, and they were mostly smaller than French ships of equal armament. The *Vanguard* was no better as a ship than the rest of the fleet, and her crew are said to have been at the beginning of the cruise inferior. Yet the result of that night's work was that all the French fleet except two ships was taken or destroyed. Victory was not doubtful from the moment that Nelson's design of doubling on the French line took effect, but this, as Nelson himself said, was a conquest.

Nelson, having, as we have said, no frigates, sent home the 50-gun ship *Leander* to announce his victory, and she was captured by one of the French ships which escaped from Aboukir Bay. Nelson sent a duplicate of his despatch by an officer, who made his way very slowly overland; and thus it happened that a victory gained on the night of the 1st of August was first announced in London by the *Times* of 2nd October. We have changed all that, as well as the construction and armament of our ships, and nobody knows how much else that has to do with them. The new *Vanguard* is run down by a consort in our own seas and sinks helplessly. After this it will hardly do when the sufficiency of our army is questioned to point composedly to the navy. We had better bring ourselves to the state of mind which existed in 1793, when we prepared ourselves strenuously, but not over-confidently, to contend against a new, and, as then appeared, incalculable, force. The spirit which was thus fostered in the nation triumphed over foreign and even more terrible domestic enemies. In the interval between the battles of Cape St. Vincent and Aboukir Bay occurred the Mutiny at the Nore and an Irish rebellion supported by French ships and troops. We need not fear to speak of '98, but the contrast between the careers of the old and the new *Vanguard* may excite in our minds some salutary apprehensions. Whatever be the ships of the future, let us hope that there may be men inside them.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

AFTER a prolonged resistance to the incursions of the vulgar public on their hallowed territories, the authorities of the racing world are at last making a virtue of necessity, and are attempting to popularize Newmarket. A Grand Stand, with all the usual accessories of refreshment-rooms, drinking-bars, and more or less select enclosures, is to be built; a circular course is to be formed, so that spectators may witness every detail of a race from start to finish; and a largely increased charge is to be levied on those lovers or followers of racing who desire to enjoy the afore-said privileges. All this is strictly according to modern rule; and however much we may regret the loss of the severe simplicity of Newmarket Heath, and of the days when, from real love of sport, a select band of enthusiasts were willing to brave wind and weather, sublimely indifferent to the absence of stands and of shelter, yet we must make up our minds to acknowledge the fact that the customs of the past are not suited to present tastes and habits. But if the changes which are in progress are not accompanied by a vast improvement in the general quality of the racing provided at the seven Newmarket meetings, we shall fail to see what advantage will be gained by upsetting the old order of things. If we were to judge of the future by the sport that was witnessed last week, we should not be inclined to say that the prospect was promising; but we are willing to admit that it seems as if better things were in store for the next two meetings. Independently of the great long-distance and short-distance handicaps, there will be the greatest two-year-old race of the season, and a good sprinkling of other two-year-old races, of substantial, if not of equal, interest; and we are also glad to see that there is a probability of a larger number of matches than have been witnessed at Newmarket of late years, more than one prominent member of the racing world having

lately displayed marked partiality for these most interesting and genuinely sportsmanlike encounters. It is satisfactory, furthermore, that the Jockey Club is not standing still in its efforts to effect reforms in racing. The week after next the stewards will move a resolution declaring the expediency of taking into consideration the rules of racing and of the Jockey Club, with a view to their rearrangement and revision. Lord Rosebery will also move for a committee "to consider the expediency of framing a rule to prevent nominations becoming void by the death of the subscriber"; and such undoubted injury is inflicted on racing by the maintenance of the present law that we trust the committee will succeed in overcoming the difficulties which unquestionably stand in the way of devising a new rule that shall do justice to all interests involved.

It was really a beggarly bill of fare that was offered last week to visitors at Newmarket, and though there were seven races fixed for the first day (an eighth, the old-fashioned Buckenham Stakes, ended in a walk over for Farnese), only one of the seven, the Great Eastern Handicap, attracted a field of any size. For that pleasant and popular event fifteen horses came to the post, including Blenheim, Killiecrankie, Pedometer, our old friend the Truth gelding, and Duke of Parma; but it is probable that some of the competitors, having more important engagements in view, were only out for what is popularly termed an airing. Duke of Parma, for instance, who is or was first favourite for the Cesarewitch, could hardly be expected to show to advantage in a six-furlong race just when he was well advanced in preparation for one of more than two miles; and, in addition, the handicapper had given him over a stone more weight in the Great Eastern than in the Cesarewitch. Old Blenheim ran well despite his heavy weight, but from the Bushes it was a regular case of hare and hounds, for Ceruleus left his field at that point, and galloped away at his leisure, passing the winning post six lengths in advance of his nearest antagonist. The winner, who is own brother to Blue Gown, has run three times unsuccessfully this season, and we cannot make out that last year he appeared in public at all. The Triennial, over the long course from the Ditch in, produced a match between Polonaise and Volturino—a very ordinary pair—and Mr. Bowes's mare sustained her owner's reputation for winning races of this description, and shook off Mr. Cartwright's horse very easily. The Grand Duke Michael Stakes also ended in a match between Balfie and Picnic, which was watched with some interest. The pair had only met once previously, in the Two Thousand, when Picnic finished second, some distance in front of Balfie. It was argued that he would beat him again, but he did not look so well as Prince Soltykoff's horse, who, partly for that reason and partly on the strength of his Doncaster running, started the favourite. Balfie had the French horse in trouble some distance from home, but, showing temper just at the last moment, Picnic was very nearly enabled to get up, and was only beaten by a head. A match between Coturnix and Simon was won by the former, who really would not be worth keeping in training if she could not beat so moderate a horse as Simon, when in receipt of no less than 3 st. for the two years. For the Hopeful Stakes a poor field of five started, including The Flirt and Area Belle, who finished first and second in the order named. The Flirt sadly disappointed Lord Falmouth while she was in his possession, but she won a substantial stake for her new owner the first time of asking. Five also ran for the Boscawen Stakes, but they were of superior quality to the field for the Hopeful. Indeed, the winner, Twine-the-Plaiden may probably claim to be quite in the first rank of the two-year-olds that have been out this season. She is by Blair Athol, out of Old Orange Girl, and bids fair to carry Mr. Bowes's well-known and popular colours to victory in many a race.

The second day's racing was principally noticeable for the easy victory of Spinaway over Earl of Dartrey and Regalade, Lord Falmouth's mare fairly wearing down her two antagonists, and for the upset of Lord Falmouth's Rachel in the Granby Stakes by Brother to Royal George; but on the Thursday matters mended a little, and a fine finish between John Day and the flying Lady Mostyn in the Snailwell Stakes resulted in the unexpected victory of the former. This performance makes out John Day a far better horse than was supposed, and furthermore makes out Lizzie Distin, who gave him weight and ran a dead heat with him at Doncaster, to be quite in the first class. The uncertain Ecossais won the Moulton Stakes from his former companion Slumber, Strathavon, and Cachmere; and then Twine-the-Plaiden again distinguished herself in the Triennial over the T. Y. C., this time beating Fetterlock, Algarsyfe, and five more. But Lord Falmouth recompensed himself for this defeat by winning the Rutland Stakes with Skylark, Algarsyfe being again brought out and again deprived of victory; and certainly he has no cause to complain of the luck that has attended his select stud this season. Nearly all his horses win races, and good races too, and his cast-offs turn out a valuable property to their new purchasers. The Soham Stakes he just missed, Prince Arthur being beaten a neck by Merry Bells; yet twenty-four hours after he must have been sorry that the son of Blair Athol and Lady Betty had gone out of his possession.

On the last day of the meeting Springfield won the First October Two-year-old Stakes in the commonest of canters from Area Belle, Bella, and three more, and there is no telling at present how good this son of St. Albans is. At York he beat Twine-the-Plaiden with equal ease, and it seems as if Mr. Houldsworth, after much patient waiting and innumerable disappointments, was at last in possession of a really first-class horse. The breeding of Springfield, by St. Albans out of Viridis, leaves nothing to be desired, and hitherto he has accomplished everything that has been

set him to perform with consummate ease. The October Handicap attracted a remarkably good field of twelve, including Spectator, Ladylove, Dukedom, Miss Toto, Lemnos, Lady of the Lake, Breechloader, La Sautouse, and Munden. Had all these been in good form, the race would indeed have been worth seeing; and as it was, backers were fairly puzzled to choose a favourite. Ultimately Miss Toto and Ladylove were promoted to that position, but they were not dangerous in the race, which resolved itself from the Bushes into a match between Lady of the Lake and Munden, the latter always having the best of it, and winning finally by as much as four lengths, owing to Sir J. D. Astley's mare swerving at a critical moment. In the succeeding race, however, the First Nursery Handicap, the colours of that popular baronet were carried to victory by Brigg Boy, who beat a fine field of fourteen, including Rosinante, John Day, Red Cross Knight, and Allumette. This was the second time during the meeting that Rosinante just had the victory snatched from his grasp, and the anticipations that were formed of him early in the season do not seem likely to be verified. In a Handicap Sweepstakes over the Criterion course Blenheim could not concede the weight to Mr. Winkle, and the latter, who has not been out in public since Stockbridge, had no difficulty in running away from his stable companion Chandos. Fortune had reserved her severest blow at those unlucky members of the human race, backers of horses, till the very last event of the meeting, in which Earl of Dartrey had only to beat the cast-off Prince Arthur, and an almost unknown horse of Mr. Crawford's, named The Flying Scotchman. Earl of Dartrey came across the flat to the turn of the lands with a clear lead, but ascending the Criterion hill he gradually came back to his companions, and, to the disgust and astonishment of those who had indulged in the hope of performing that mythical operation known as getting back their losses, he showed the white feather when challenged by Prince Arthur, and allowed Lord Falmouth's cast-off to pass him and win easily by two lengths. Here was convincing proof of the wretched quality of the St. Leger horses—the St. Leger at Doncaster, we mean, not the race of the same name at Newmarket, on which we are now commenting. It was also a piece of bad luck for Lord Falmouth to lose two good races in one week through holding his representatives of so little account as to let them go into the hands of others.

REVIEWS.

THE PEASANTRY OF BENGAL.*

DIRECTORS of Public Instruction and other exalted functionaries in India have often expressed a wish that intelligent young natives, soaked in Milton and Shakspeare, should develop a new literature by combining indigenous thought with foreign cultivation. The Oriental, they tell us, ought to learn from the highest models how to present to the public his own peculiar thoughts, ideas, and experiences. The voice might still be that of Esau, but the hand would become that of Jacob. Unfortunately the general result of Eastern academical training has hitherto been to let loose on society a score or two of writers who have forgotten or despise their own vernacular without learning to write a fair English style. We have no desire to comment severely on young Hindus who have taken the not very popular line of exposing the wrongs of the helpless part of their countrymen, but we must say that, if anything is calculated to excite misgivings as to the power of competitive examination to produce native gentlemen who are to take their share with Englishmen of the burdens and duties of civil administration, it is the publication of schoolboy essays like the present. The author is not only a member of the regular Bengal Civil Service, but he is a barrister of the Middle Temple. That he possesses aptitude for acquiring and readiness for displaying such knowledge as examiners can test; that, by having crossed the dark water and remained some time in England, he has shown himself superior to silly or worn-out prejudices of caste, may be taken for granted. It might even have been hoped that intercourse with English society would have taught him the value of modesty in asserting and temperance in discussing facts, especially those which involve great issues and have been much controverted by able journalistic and official pens. But there appears little danger lest an acute Bengali should ever err by deficiency of presumption or conceit. A young author, who can scarcely have earned his first promotion, and who undertakes, in two hundred small pages, to review the whole condition of the Bengal Ryot under Hindu, Mahomedan, and English rule, as well as to consider the means of improving his prospects, is equal to anything. He may even lecture Sir Henry Maine on supposed errors in his *Village Communities*, or offer gratuitous advice to Sir Richard Temple as to the settlement of disputes in the Eastern provinces of Bengal. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that the writer has espoused the cause of the agricultural castes who, without being exactly the finest peasantry on earth or resembling the Scotch in any one particular, as they have been said to do, have turned swamps into rice-fields, and are now turning portions of rice-fields into productive garden lands. And it must not be forgotten that, by the very constitution of Hindu society, almost

* *The Peasantry of Bengal.* By Ramesh Chunder Dutt, B.C.S. Calcutta: Thacker. London: Trübner.

every native is bred up with some knowledge of such questions as rent and revenue, payments in kind and in money, measurements by chains or perches, and the machinery and working of the revenue and judicial Courts. Even a tenant-proprietor, who can just sign his name to a bond or quittance, displays a familiarity with these topics which is only attained by active politicians and Englishmen who have 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.* a year in land.

This essay is written, as might have been anticipated, in puffy paragraphs stuck full of very big epithets, but it really contributes very little, if anything, to the solution of questions which have perplexed statesmen from the days of Lord Cornwallis, and which are at this moment engaging the serious attention of the local Government. There is, of course, a good deal of second-hand criticism, and one or two original suggestions which no one would wish to appropriate. We hardly know, too, whether there is more indecency in the silly and spiteful remarks on Lord Wellesley and Lord Cornwallis than in the patronizing condescension displayed towards the present Viceroy. Errors are not wanting in regard to agricultural matters, which show that the writer has a good deal to learn regarding the very subject which he professes to teach. Possibly, by this time, he may have discovered that a *puttindar* is not to be classed among the "peasantry of Bengal," he being, in fact, a very powerful landlord of the second degree, whose legal status was defined by a law passed more than fifty years ago; that the word *asu* or *ashu* does not mean "early," but "quick" or "swift," and that the months of Bhadro and Aswin or August and September, instead of being "the pleasantest in the year," even to natives inured to the sun, are sometimes more deadly, and always more trying to the constitution, than the dry heats of April and May. Occasionally, amidst a tirade on the shortcomings of the English Government, the pen appears to have been arrested by a dim consciousness that things could not after all have been so badly managed, or the writer would not have been where he is, and so every now and then, after a rush of ugly epithets, there comes a gurgling of praise and gratitude. That there should be a cry for "Church disestablishment" from a Hindu, who says he is taxed for weekly sermons delivered before Englishmen, is just what might be expected. It is even less true than an English workman's complaint that the allowances of the Royal Family come out of the wages of the mechanic. To give the claim for Indian disestablishment the shadow of a foundation it would first be necessary for the Government to resume every single acre of land which, under scores of varying titles well known to all Indian administrators, is exempted from revenue, and is still dedicated to the religious establishments of both Mahomedans and Hindus. When this confiscation had taken place, it would have to be followed by the further resumption of other rent-free lands which were originally devoted to pious, but long have passed into secular, uses; and even then the cry about taxing Hindus for the maintenance of English pulpits would be equally absurd. It would be easy to show that there are contributions to Indian taxation in the sea customs paid by generations of Englishmen of the governing and the independent class, to which natives do not contribute one farthing, and which would furnish the salaries of the whole ecclesiastical establishments and an additional bishopric twice over. We cannot afford to criticize further in detail, and we must take leave of the author in the hope that he may eschew seven-leaguéd words, learn a little candour and modesty, and dispel the painful impression created in some minds that to set up Bengalis as rulers over warlike castes or energetic and independent Englishmen is very like putting an Alexandrine Greek, such as described in Mr. Kingsley's *Hyppatia*, to govern the countrymen of the elder Cato. But in spite of all this we indulge a hope that the writer may yet turn out a useful official, and do no further discredit to the system which has given him birth.

The topics discussed in these pages, and the recent debates on English tenant-right, may justify a review of some of the results of eighty years of English government in the Gangetic Delta. It is unnecessary to speculate about the condition of the Hindu peasant before we stepped in to teach him the measure of his own rights, and to give to his traditions the sanction of statute law. A good deal of inquiry has been lavished on the exact position in which we found the landholders of Bengal shortly after the middle of the last century; but the following statement drawn from that unrivalled storehouse of facts, the Fifth Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons of 1812, as well as from several other sources, may be relied on. The Moghul Government, and subsequently the Governments of Verelst, Clive, and Warren Hastings, realized, by settlements of five years, their Imperial dues from a class who are generally termed Zemindars. Sometimes these persons were the old Hindu families of the country who had been spared or recognized by the Mahomedan invader. Sometimes they were Mahomedans who had displaced the local dynasties, and had seated themselves comfortably in their ancestral palaces. Sometimes they were originally mere tax-gatherers, Mahomedans and Hindus, who, at first, being appointed to collect the dues of the State and to preserve the peace of the country, gradually managed to acquire all the higher interests in the land. Mr. Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, one of the highest authorities on this comprehensive subject, writing nearly ninety years ago, records that a revenue of one million sterling was paid in by only seven Zemindars, who owned a vast extent of territory in more than seven districts. Of these families, two have dwindled down to mere shadows. Others have been shorn of much which they once owned, by partition, improvidence, or family litigation. One only remains in the

enjoyment of the ample possessions which his ancestor held about the time of the battle of Plassey. Lord Cornwallis, instead of being actuated by neglect or by malice aforethought as imputed to him in the book we have just noticed, conferred on all those with whom a ten years' settlement had been concluded, a distinct legal status, and, as is well known, guaranteed to them that the revenues from their estates as then fixed should be fixed in perpetuity. He had, no doubt, in his mind's eye, the vision of a set of improving landlords managing their tenantry, cultivating waste lands, digging reservoirs, making roads, promoting prosperity in time of peace, siding with the ruling power in rebellion or war. Some of these anticipations were fulfilled; others were not; and some were carried out, but not at all in the manner or by the class on which the benevolent ruler had reckoned. It cannot be too often repeated that while Lord Cornwallis treated with the great, he by no means forgot the poor, but expressly inserted in his code of 1793, provisions which enabled the Government at any time to step in and protect the cultivating classes by further rules or enactments, if the classes above them proved oppressive or lax. Lord Cornwallis took his departure, and the pledge thus distinctly given was not redeemed till the days of Lord Canning, when the Rent Law or Ryots' Charta, as it is often termed, was brought forward, discussed, and carried out in the thick of the Mutiny. But for many years after the close of the last century the Government was haunted by a fear lest the Zemindars should evade the payment of their dues to Government, or rather lest, as estates changed hands or were split up under the Hindu laws of division or inheritance, one portion should be assessed with too small a share of the State charges, and another with too great. All sorts of laws and devices were resorted to in order to avoid loss and defalcation, and to prevent estates from being thrown into the market, and then coming back on the hands of an unwilling Government. Zemindars were not to grant sub-leases beyond a certain term of years. Partitions of estates between brothers and brothers' sons, and descendants in the third generation, were effected under the eye of Government officials, who took care that each fraction of an estate should bear its fair proportion of the public revenue. The lands of defaulters were put up to public auction, after due notice or under certain formalities; and sales for arrears of revenue had the legal effect of voiding all incumbrances created since the settlement, with a few necessary and well-defined exceptions in favour of tenant-proprietors and owners of dwelling-houses, tanks, gardens, mines, and so forth. The Bengal Zemindar had a vicious knack of creating sub-infeudations on his own land in the names of others, generally dependents and men of straw, and then allowing the superior right to go by default for arrears of revenue; and it became necessary to protect the public revenue against these deliberate frauds. But the mere progress of society was too much for lawgivers who, having granted one large boon, were afraid of the use to which it might be put, and wanted to keep the Zemindars in swaddling clothes. So, in spite of legislation, and eventually with its aid and safeguard, alienations, divisions, private sales, mortgages simple and usufructuary, creations of sub-tenures even to the third and fourth degree, temporary leases to enterprising Englishmen, went on with varying results all through this century. All this time the Ryot fared rather badly, but by no means so ill as is supposed, nor, though his legal remedies might be weak or wanting, was he without means to resist oppression. In some places, where the Zemindar was feeble and incapable, the cultivators combined, and were more than a match for him. There is ample official evidence on record to show that the Zemindars were met by combinations against unfair exactions, or even against lawful demands, and that for some years those who paid revenue had no easy method of realizing rent by attachment and distraint. In some places it was of course different. The Zemindar or his local agents exhibited all the phases of high-handed tyranny, encroachment, rapine, abuse of power, disregard of social and religious prejudices, with which Oriental history teems. But then the country was not overstocked with population; and the agrarian market was supplied, not by Ryots bidding against each other for leases, but by Zemindars bidding for Ryots to cultivate waste or abandoned plots. Nothing was easier than for a cultivator, when hard pressed and bullied in one estate, to seek refuge in another a few miles, or a few furlongs off. Sometimes, an Englishman had got a lease of a considerable tract of country, and was ready to welcome Ryots who thought the whole hand of the Anglo-Saxon more endurable than the little finger of one of their own race. Then there was a by no means inconsiderable class of tenant-proprietors, who were too well known to be secretly got rid of, too firmly rooted to be openly coerced, and too fond of their own villages to abandon all that made life worth having, without a struggle. To these substantial persons, who were often the virtual owners of one or two hundred acres, is mainly due all the improvement and progress in Lower Bengal which strike the eye of the most casual and cursory observer. Of course in every district acts of atrocity were perpetrated by despots at a time when districts were large and magistrates few. But retaliations on the part of Ryots driven to sheer despair were, on the other hand, not unfrequent. Servants of the great man were waylaid, beaten, and sent home with their ears cropped or their noses slit. We recollect one or two instances where Mahomedan Ryots, whose sense of wrongs was aggravated by religious antipathy, literally tore the body of an offending Hindu Agent to fragments, and scattered them to the winds along several miles of country. The result of Lord Cornwallis's legislation may perhaps be not unfairly summed up by saying that cultivation has ex-

tended and population increased because the assessment was very light and the Government, as against foreign disturbance, was very strong; that the fertility of the soil and the light incidence of taxation allowed of the creation of a large number of valuable interests in the land; that the cultivators, though often hardly used by their own countrymen, and for a long time neglected by the foreign legislator, were by no means the invariable types of injured innocence smarting under unmerited oppression which some writers have tried to make out. To Sir George Campbell belongs the merit of being almost the first Governor who has attempted to give a check to the demoralizing system of irregular and illegal cesses levied by the servants of Zemindars, and paid without much remonstrance by the tenants on every conceivable incident of joy or sorrow; the marriage of a daughter, the birth of an eldest son, the bestowal of a title of honour on the head of the family by the Government, the taxation imposed for popular education, or for the construction of roads. Recently, the Indian papers tell us of combinations to resist irregular demands, as well as to evade the enhancement of rent when attempted by regular and proper procedure before the established tribunals. These manifestations of popular feeling may give some trouble to our administrators, but in one sense they are to be welcomed as the commencement of a new state of things. When tenants and cultivators, instead of burning down houses, or tearing a *Najib* and a *Gomashita* to little bits, begin to form a fund for mutual defence, and when the Government finds it imperative to exercise both executive and legislative interference, the end of feudal tyranny is probably not very far off. Fortunately, in Sir Richard Temple we have one whose early training and subsequent acquaintance with the details of Bengal administration give us reason to hope for a settlement which shall be equitable to the Ryot, and which may perhaps be received with a sense of relief by the Zemindar.

RANKE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

(Fourth Notice.)

THE part of English history which gives Ranke perhaps the best opportunity for his special way of dealing with it is the reign of James the Second and the Revolution. As far as the mere telling of the tale goes, he suffers under the disadvantage that we cannot help thinking at every step of the narrative of Lord Macaulay. Ranke, at his best, at home in his own tongue, could never tell a tale like Macaulay; still less can he do it when he is in the bonds of his translators. We have already said that the comparison is unfair. Macaulay and Ranke write with such different objects, and from such different points of view, that the two cannot be fairly compared together. Still, in the actual reading of the story, the comparison, fair or unfair, will thrust itself in. Every man, for instance, who tells the story of the Seven Bishops must carry about with him the certainty that Macaulay's narrative will be in the memory of every one who reads his own. In reading Ranke's narrative of this time we are ever and anon disappointed at finding some event or scene which lives in the memory from some vivid description of the English writer left out or slurred over by the German. But we cannot expect Ranke to do the mere tale-telling like Macaulay—that is a personal gift which a man either has or has not by nature; and we have seen that Ranke has not, as we cannot fairly expect him to have, that minute knowledge of English institutions and ways of thinking without which it would be impossible to throw life into many things which in Macaulay's hands are living indeed. Setting aside all differences as to the execution, all questions of style, all questions of accuracy, there is an inherent difference between a History of England written from a purely domestic point of view, and dealing with outside affairs merely so far as they bear on matters within the realm, and a History which deals with the affairs of England mainly as part of the general affairs of Europe. The former is the position of Macaulay; the latter is the position of Ranke; and the reader of Ranke must be prepared to see many things which stand out prominently in Macaulay's English view treated as of comparatively small moment in Ranke's European view. But, setting aside the disadvantage of the inevitable comparison with Macaulay, the reign of James the Second is naturally one of the times which give Ranke's method of treatment the best opportunity for display. At no other time did what was going on beyond the borders of England exercise so direct an influence on what was going on within the borders of England. We have seen—Ranke has done much to help us to see—that in many earlier times the influence of foreign affairs on the internal affairs of England has been greater than one might have thought at first sight. That it has thus been greater than one might have thought at first sight is one of the characters of those times. The influence has been real, but it has not been very clearly visible. In times of actual war again the external influence is of another kind. The internal affairs of a nation are affected, not so much by the affairs of other lands as by the affairs of the nation itself in other lands. But, in the reign of James the Second, English history was influenced by what was going on abroad in a way which was different from either of these. The influence was perfectly open to the eyes of all men, but it was of a different kind from the influences which follow on an actual state of war. England was not at war either with Louis of France or with William

of Orange, but the action of those princes on English affairs was as direct, and almost as open, as the action of the King of England or any of his Ministers or opponents. At no other time could the landing of a foreign prince at the head of a foreign army have been looked on as the landing of William of Orange was, as something quite different from a foreign invasion. At any other time that motley host, made up so largely of mercenaries from so many lands, would have been looked on as the Brabançons of John or the Italians of Somerset. English readers too commonly forget how very near William of Orange stood to the English Crown in the mere ordinary line of succession; there are not a few who never fully take in that he was not only the son-in-law of James the Second, but the grandson of Charles the First, the next heir after James's own children. Still he was a foreign prince, the head of a foreign commonwealth, and at any other time of our history it would have been easy to find foreign princes to whom the rule of female succession might give a contingent right to the English Crown. But no other foreign prince had ever stood in such a relation to the English nation that he could come at the head of a foreign army to work a change in the English Government, and be received as one who was treading in the steps of Henry of Bolingbroke rather than in those of his own conquering namesake. Yet, after all, William did not come into England purely for English objects. The deliverance of England was to him simply one act in the deliverance of Europe. There never was a time when the affairs of England were so little isolated, when they so thoroughly formed part of a greater whole. It is therefore at this stage of the subject that Ranke's method shows itself to the greatest advantage, and it is this part of his work which seems to us to be of the highest value. Indeed it is at this point that he not only puts forth his full strength, but writes as if he were conscious that he was putting it forth. At no stage of his work does he oftener stop to point out the character of the events with which he is dealing. He pauses more than once to comment, in a tone of dignified instruction which suits the subject, on the connexion of the events of this time both with the past history of England and with the contemporary history of Europe. In this second department his grasp is naturally firmer than in the other, but there is little to find fault with in the retrospect which from this point he gives of earlier constitutional English history. He sees and he sets forth, though he hardly sees with the same clearness or sets forth with the same vigour as an English writer might have done, that the great act of 1688 was only one link in a chain of acts of the like kind, by which, from time to time, the English Parliament has put forth the rarest, because the greatest, of its powers. The precedent of 1399 is throughout present to his mind as it was present to the minds of many at the time.

In this part of the work, almost more than in any other, we could have wished that Ranke had, as we have before hinted, not kept the domestic and the more general history so distinct as he has done. It is not till we have passed the trial of the Seven Bishops that we come to the solemn introduction of the European side of the subject. It is plain that Ranke does not think quite so meanly of James the Second as Lord Macaulay did, and it is also plain that many of the acts of his reign do not come home to him in the way in which they do to any Englishman who has the feelings of an Englishman. Towards the end of his account of James's domestic career he makes this curious comment:—

We do not consider ourselves authorised to adopt the tone which English historians have borrowed from the proceedings of criminal courts; we have only to do with the contemplation of the historical event. What an extraordinary spectacle does that present!

He then goes on to speak of the purposes of James as one who "does not intend, strictly speaking, to violate the laws nor yet to evade them; but who has so high a conception of his prerogative that he thinks himself exalted above them." He has a good passage on the way in which "all the Kings of the house of Stuart made it one of their principal objects to bring their Catholic subjects into harmony with the Protestant constitution." Each did it in a different way, but James the Second was the only one who tried to bring his object about by what we still venture to call a direct breach, or rather an utter defiance, of the law. But, allowing for an occasional slurring over of things which now and then rather grates on our feelings, the story is well told. Still, ever and anon we feel that we are dealing with one who does not look at things exactly as we do, or exactly as those whom we sympathize with at the time looked at it. When we come to the trial of the Seven Bishops of course we must not look for the life of Lord Macaulay's narrative, but Ranke once or twice misses the point of the story. It is plain, for instance, that he does not understand the mistake made by Finch in not allowing the Chief Justice at once to charge the jury when the case for the prosecution first broke down on the technical ground about publication in the county of Middlesex. This is how Ranke tells the story:—

This display of an intention to pass from the more ecclesiastical ground to that which properly belonged to political jurisprudence, aroused in the first moment some hesitation in the court; yet even among the four judges one spoke in favour of the course pursued. Henegave Finch, the second advocate of the Bishops, was able to enter without interruption upon the great question which occupied all minds, the dispensing power.

The one of the four Judges who spoke was no other than Wright the Chief Justice, who was beginning to direct the jury to acquit, when Finch interrupted him. It was this interruption which gave time for the coming of Sunderland, for the proof of

* *A History of England, principally in the Seventeenth Century.* By Leopold von Ranke. 6 vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1875.

publication in Middlesex, and thereby for the turn which the later part of the trial took. In the end it was well that the question of the dispensing power should be fully argued, but it is none the less plain that, simply as a counsel bound to do his best for his clients in the particular case in hand, Finch made a great mistake in not letting the trial be at once finished on the technical ground. All this Ranke clearly does not understand, nor does one exactly see why the charge of Powell should be called "a fiery address."

But when in the next chapter Ranke has to deal with "the fall of James the Second in its connexion with the European conflicts which mark the close of 1688," then he puts out his full strength. He does not understand the technicalities or even the spirit of an English trial, but he does understand, as few men do, the general politics of Europe and the relation of English affairs to them. Here we find something instructive at every step. We might learn from Macaulay that Louis the Fourteenth, with all his Catholic zeal, was far indeed from being a modern Ultramontane, but Ranke brings out his peculiar ecclesiastical position with tenfold force; hereby he brings home to us what was largely a result of this position of Louis, namely, that the enterprise of the Protestant champion had the full good will of the Pope. The facts of course are not new to any one who has read the history with common care, but we have reason to thank Ranke for bringing them home to us more forcibly than they have ever been brought home before. The chapter is ushered in with the following introduction:—

The states and empires of Europe are often held to be more independent of, and more distinct from, each other than they really are. They belong, however, to the general community of peoples of the West, which rests upon common bases, and has grown up from elements near akin to each other; from which community each one has risen to a separate existence, without, however, ever tearing itself away from the whole. Even insular England feels constantly the effect of tendencies general in Europe, and influences them in turn: it is clear, for instance, that the proceedings of James II., which aimed at a re-introduction of Catholicism, do but represent upon a definite stage the general struggle which had arisen between the two confessions.

He then follows with the general picture of the European politics of the time, which specially brings out the way in which the action of the French King spread into every corner. Even the question of Sleswick-Holstein is already beginning—"a question," as Ranke says, "of more remote interest on which the French Crown, in combination with that of England, took part against Germany." According to Ranke, "James had already in the spring of 1688 come to an understanding with France for operations against Holland and the German Empire." (Ranke, we have no doubt, uses the ambiguous phrase *Deutsches Reich*, which has led the translator astray.) Then we get a picture of the various Continental alliances of the Prince of Orange, in which the action of the great Elector, who died just before the crisis came with the words "London, Amsterdam" on his lips, comes out with special force. Here again Ranke stops to comment on the importance of the relations between France and England to the general state of European affairs:—

In the combination of the two great western powers, which, whenever it has been effected, has controlled Europe, there then lay an oppressive force which was everywhere most seriously felt. The balance of power in Europe was principally endangered by the alliance of James II. with the over-powerful King of France; the principal danger of the Protestant confession lay in the support given by Louis XIV. to the attempted re-conversion of England to Catholicism.

And further on:—

This was the very thing which was most feared in Europe. Parliamentary principles in England had the advantage and the good fortune to enter into alliance with the general interests of Europe. Every power which has ever attained to independent life in Europe has had to win its position while thus participating in the conflict of general interests, and has had to prove itself indispensable to the European commonwealth. It depended on the victory or defeat of parliamentary principle whether there should be a balance of power between states and religions, and consequently whether there should be personal independence of the individual or not.

When the Convention meets, it is ushered in with the remark that "it has been chiefly during great European conflicts that the English Parliament has obtained its power and importance." Ranke goes back to the Parliament of Earl Simon; but, once on English ground, he again fails thoroughly to understand the details of English affairs. Simon, according to him, "introduced the lower nobility and the deputies of the towns into the council of the spiritual and temporal magnates in England." Now the knights of the shire had already sat in Parliament for some while, and happily the words "lower nobility" are no accurate description of them. The whole reign of William the Third is gone through at great length. The reign of Anne is given on a smaller scale, and comes, as it were, to a point with the first three Georges. The narrative ends with the accession of the third George, and the whole winds up with the last setting forth of the great doctrine of the book:—

In the above sketch of the eighteenth century the author (and probably the reader also) has already discovered that a brief description, having reference to England alone, does not lead to a satisfying and perfectly convincing result. Still less would this be the case in the time now following, when the motives to action sprang more from general circumstances than from the internal progress of English development, powerfully as this also contributed to the result. One would have to set forth the violent impulse given to the course of events by the American War of Independence, and the volcanic outburst of popular feeling in France, and to accompany the European conflict which made the restoration of the Bourbons necessary and then again led to an inevitable opposition to the same.

In order to understand and appreciate the position which England assumed at this moment and the outcome of events, one would have to write the history of a century throughout both hemispheres.

We have thus brought to an end what we have to say of this great work of the chief master of German research into later times. An Englishman may well feel proud at the historical position which he finds challenged for his own country by so great a scholar in another land, and at the new light which he thus finds thrown on the oecumenical position of England in some of the most stirring moments of its domestic history. He may well forgive the occasional failure of his instructor fully to take in the working of things within a land which, like our island realm, must in many things seem so strange to all except its own people.

FRENCH LIFE ON THE STAGE.*

M. CLARETIE, in the preface to the volume published this year of his dramatic criticisms, deploras the decadence of the theatre in France. He points to the causes which force Parisian, as they do London, managers to think more of the probable success than the actual merit of the pieces which they produce; causes among which are common to both cities the number, size, and scattered positions of theatres, while the Paris manager has, in addition to these, to contend with the overwhelming "right of the poor." What M. Dupin has called the unbridled extravagance of the theatre is another strong reason for its decrepitude. To risk a quarter of a million francs on the mounting of an extravaganza, says M. Claretie, is going too far. It is not art, it is a speculation on the Bourse. It is turning the contest of the drama into a game of baccaut. For the decadence of the theatre there exist also various moral reasons which M. Claretie thus explains. The spirit of the multitude changes, and every political involves a social difference. The reign of liberty is opposed to the success of the theatre, for the more freedom there is in a city the more chance will there be for men to meet, to discuss, to listen; the more classes, lectures, debates will there be; and the less following, M. Claretie thinks, will the theatres secure. At least they must make a change in themselves if they wish to keep their audiences; they must be more than on a level with the spirit of the times if they are not to be disregarded as useless.

These reasons do not appeal to one with any great force. It seems, in the first place, highly improbable that an audience, and especially a French audience, would be attracted away from the theatre by the influence of classes or lectures; and, in the next, it does not seem likely that the drama would gain anything in popularity if it were everywhere converted into the kind of moral dissecting-room which M. Dumas fils proposes—as M. Claretie thinks, rightly—to make of it. "M. Dumas," says the author, "demands that the theatre should take up arms, should attack and try to resolve those important matters which it can take in, such as the position of women, and the question of divorce; he wishes, in fact, that the theatre should not confine itself to the eternal marriage of Léon and Ernestine when there are questions social and moral of far different import to be considered. And M. Dumas is right." That M. Dumas is right in conceiving that the theatre should have some higher purpose than the mere frivolity which threatens to possess it in Paris, from which, as M. Claretie says, it results that "la garde-robe de Talma sert à jouer Orphée aux Enfers aux témoins d'Amérique," can hardly be doubted. That he is right in his method of carrying out his views may be doubted a good deal. The strong dramatic talent and brilliant wit of M. Dumas might surely be better employed than in presenting picture after picture of a society so depraved and corrupt that its virtues are the vices of the ordinary world. If it were true, and one may hope it is not, that the Parisians are indeed so degraded as M. Dumas makes them out to be, it could hardly profit them much to see their own images constantly reproduced upon the stage. They would be more likely to admire themselves through their doubles than to perceive how odious those doubles are, and consequently to make a change in themselves. It is M. Dumas's merit no doubt that he does not attempt any softening of the facts with which he deals; he does not, as do some writers of the modern French school, cast over his work a kind of poetical haze which acts as does the curtain of gauze employed to lend enchantment to stage representations of fairyland. M. Dumas's favourite subject is that upon which all modern French dramas depend, the gravest form of infidelity between husband and wife; he goes beyond the ordinary writers of the drawing-room criminal school in that he never glosses over the crimes of his characters or their consequences. He lowers rather than exalts the passion which carries them away. The brilliancy which relieves his sombre pictures of meanness and misery is that of a bitter satire. But by taking an utterly sordid view of human life and passions he overshoots his mark. His estimate of ordinary character is so low that he constantly holds up for admiration a man, such for instance as Ollivier in *Le Demi Monde*, who to most people would appear a pitiful scoundrel. He drags down vice, it is true, from the false eminence to which some writers raise it, but in his fanatical zeal for the destruction of false idols, he will leave nothing good or worthy of esteem; or, if he does, it is something little more estimable than the evil which he has dethroned. This exaggeration defeats its own purpose. It is meant that a wholesome reaction against the pleasant aspects of vice should be aroused in the spectator. It is quite as possible that he will go

* *La Vie Moderne au Théâtre: Causerie sur l'Art Dramatique.* Par Jules Claretie. Deuxième Série. Paris: Georges Barba, Libraire-Éditeur. 1875.

away consoled with the reflection that, to whatever depths of folly or viciousness he may have descended, he is at least wise and immaculate compared to the society represented in the plays of M. Dumas. Thus, if M. Dumas's work is less likely to corrupt, it is not more likely to instruct, than that of M. Feuillet.

M. Claretie's somewhat extravagant admiration for M. Dumas's views does not, however, warp his judgment in criticizing his favourite author's works from a dramatic point of view. He sees, for instance, how faulty is the end of the *Princesse Georges*, though he does not at all see how odious is the plan and spirit of the whole play. In this piece M. Dumas comes forward as the champion of women, and contends that a husband who deceives his wife should be as heavily punished as a wife who betrays her husband. The effect of whatever good there is in the author's theories is here, as elsewhere, destroyed by the exaggerated form in which he clothes them. His first intention was apparently to make the Princess compass her husband's death as an act of just retribution; but before this catastrophe M. Dumas, who recoils at few things, found himself forced to recoil, and he substituted for it the weak and inconclusive ending with which his critic finds fault, as he does also to some extent with the theory propounded. But of the depths of sordid degradation to which the author of the *Princesse Georges* descends in some of his dialogue, of the muddy abominations which he stirs up and brings to light, the critic says nothing. There could hardly be a better illustration of the French Theatre's moral decadence which M. Claretie deplores than his own criticisms upon M. Dumas. It is not perhaps very curious that the critic who has little but admiration for M. Dumas's daring handling of repulsive subjects is unsparing in his condemnation of M. Feuillet's insidious representations of vice wrapped round with false attractions. He exhibits with an admirable ridicule the vicious absurdities which M. Feuillet's skill of writing enabled him to impose upon his audience in *Julie*, and shows how unnatural is the kind of woman that M. Feuillet has represented under the names of Mme. de Campvallon, Blanche de Chelles, and Julia de Tréceur. M. Claretie in his criticism of *Julie* sums up the characteristics of M. Feuillet's later writings with good discernment:—

En un mot, la pièce de M. Octave Feuillet appartient à ce genre d'œuvres qui forment le fonds même de la littérature byzantine de ce temps où la passion est remplacée par l'hystérie. Cela est capiteux et malsain. Cela grise et cela trouble comme l'odeur des tubéreuses. Cela n'a point l'empirement furieux de la souffrance, mais plutôt les petits frissons et les langueurs de la maladie. La douleur n'y est qu'une crise nerveuse, la chute une surprise des sens, le châtiement une affaire de tempérament.

The author goes on to say that the reason for M. Feuillet's present style of writing is to be found in

les reproches qu'on lui adressait jadis d'être trop modéré et trop chaste. Quelles œuvres charmantes il donnait alors : *le Village*, *la Partie de Dames*, et quelles œuvres fortes aussi : *Dalida* et *Rédemption* ! Mais il a voulu, lui aussi, montrer ses muscles ; il n'a que des nerfs. On l'appelait autrefois, fort injustement, le Musset des familles. Mais on peut dire en toute vérité aujourd'hui que ses derniers romans et sa dernière pièce, c'est du Musset sans souffrance et sans amour.

M. Claretie drives in the nail when he characterizes M. Feuillet's later works as nerves without muscle. On the other hand, M. Dumas's works may be said to be muscle without nerves. Those who have seen Mlle. Favart's performance in *Julie* will be likely to agree with the author, who says that it can be described only in one word, admirable; that she saved the odious situations of the piece, and gave wonderful meaning to words and phrases. M. Claretie is not more merciful to *Le Sphinx* than to *Julie*. In writing of this he dwells again upon the change in M. Feuillet's style, and points out that, in the attempt to deny his feminine nature and produce essentially masculine works, he reaches a morbid nervousness instead of passion; *déshabillé* instead of ease:—"Ce peintre habituel des adulteres du *high life* met des gants glacés pour tenir ses pinceaux; mais ses couleurs, qu'il trouve le moyen de parfumer, ont cependant une crudité bizarre qui les rend tout aussi chaudes et grisantes que celles du plus profond réalisme." Then the author observes, thinking no doubt of his favourite M. Dumas, that such a piece as *Julie*, where sin presents itself in an attractive garb, will set more heads to dream of evil than will more brutal comedies in which vice declares itself in its own name and colours. *Le Sphinx* has less of the element of attraction in it, however, than most of M. Feuillet's works; and as a play it is marred by a fault which M. Claretie notices, and which was pointed out here when it was produced in London. There is no development of the characters and their motives. There is no adequate explanation of the relations which grow up between M. de Savigny and Blanche de Chelles. The spectator is left to read this and much else as best he can between the lines. The piece produces the impression that its subject should have been worked into a novel instead of a play. It is a little curious to find so fine a critic as M. Claretie defending Mlle. Croizette's celebrated death-scene in this play. He gives an accurate and revolting description of the actress's method of dying; he seems to agree with Théophile Gautier's saying, "On ne doit jamais peindre ce qui fait horreur," and yet avers that the death scene of Mlle. Croizette impressed him without disgusting him. It is horrible, he admits; but there can be nothing common in the player who can produce such an effect. The conclusion is hardly logical.

The author's judgments on M. Sardou's and M. Augier's pieces are as keen and well expressed as those on MM. Dumas and Feuillet, and they have the advantage over these that there is no bias perceptible in them. He gives, in an article on *La Contagion*, an admirable description of M. Augier's characteristics:—

Dans ce nouveau théâtre de M. Émile Augier, le *malade moderne*—j'en-

tends la société contemporaine—est secoué durement, sévèrement. Voilà les plaies mises à jour. Les cas sont exposés avec crânerie, avec crudité. Le mot tombe, brûlant comme du vitriol, ou sifflé et part comme un javelot et cloue au poteau quelque vice ou quelque ridicule. C'est une colère saine, robuste, avec plus de muscles que de nerfs, une colère rouge. Point de tirades, des traits. Une exaspération d'honnête homme toute prête à devenir le rire d'un gai compagnon. D'ailleurs, des veines de sentiment sans fadeur, des échappées de poésie, des coins de ciel, des lis sur des fumiers, comme dirait Giboyer ou Vautrin; et, par-dessus tout, dans ce monde mêlé—choc de passions héroïques ou malsaines—des figures que nul ne dessine avec plus d'amour que M. Augier, des jeunes filles qui sont de braves filles, cœurs dévoués, âmes calmes, avec l'intelligence de toutes choses—excepté du mal.

In writing of M. Sardou's *Séraphine* he hits off a peculiar gift of the dramatist in a singularly happy phrase:—"M. Victorien Sardou possède comme personne le doigté du dramaturge." It will be remembered that his accustomed skill failed M. Sardou in *La Haine*, which was withdrawn after twenty-six nights, but of which M. Claretie thinks highly in spite of its monotonous character.

We have dealt with the more serious side of M. Claretie's volume; but it is by no means empty of humour or of wit. The critic bestows as much consideration upon the sparkling little pieces produced by Meilbac and Halévy as upon the longer works of which we have spoken; he even writes about "*La Fille de Madame Angot*, the amusing and curious vaudeville played at the Folies-Dramatiques," but that is only in order to resuscitate the figure of Madame Angot herself, which, he says, "afforded merriment to a whole generation, that of our grandfathers":—

Madame Angot est une sorte d'Ouvrard femelle qui s'étale dans sa corpulence parmi les fêtes du Directoire et les éblouissements de l'Empire. On la voit partout; on la rencontre partout, dans ces temps de fièvres, de luttes, de spéculation, de batailles, de grandeur, de folie. Le théâtre chante ses promesses comiques sur tous les tons, la brochure raconte ses exploits, la caricature légue ses aventures à la postérité. Une seule pièce, payée 500 francs à l'auteur, un pauvre diable nommé Labanclie-Corse, donne au théâtre de la Gaîté, en 1797, plus de 200,000 francs. C'est *Madame Angot*, ou *la Princesse parvenue*. . . . Madame Angot est bien vraiment la femme et la bonne femme de ces généraux improvisés, de ces héroïques palefreniers devenus colonels, de ces soldats qui enlevaient leurs épaulettes à la pointe de leur sabre, et comme à la force du poignet. Elle a été tour à tour vivandière et harençère, et maintenant elle est, comme on dit, femme de la nouvelle France, millionnaire, le poing sur la hanche et le cœur sur la main. Les parvenues du premier Empire et celles des dernières années de la République devraient plus ou moins se reconnaître dans ce personnage bruyant, ridicule et bon enfant.

Play after play was written on *Madame Angot*; there were representations of her adventures at Constantinople, at Malabar, and in a balloon. There was a popular history of Madame Angot, queen of the Halles; and if this is to be trusted, there was such a person as the daughter of Madame Angot, but her career was somewhat different from its stage version. It will probably surprise some of M. Claretie's readers to learn that Ange Pitou was an actual character, whose history is somewhat interesting. Besides the chapters of dramatic criticism, M. Claretie's volume contains one on the vexed question of copyright, which may be read by those interested in dramatic affairs, as indeed may all the book, with great interest.

THE MOLTKE NARRATIVE OF METZ AND STRASBURG.*

WHEN it was announced, not many months since, by the Berlin press that the first volume of the great History of the General Staff might be considered as closed with the capitulation of Sedan, the finishing stroke of the Second Empire, so fully treated in the Eighth Part, the remark was naturally made that, to complete this section of the war thoroughly, there should have been chapters added, bringing down to the same date events that occurred in other parts of the theatre of war. At Metz especially, there were forces brought into action twenty-four hours before the crowning conflict began round Sedan, numbered, had all of them been really used, by hundreds of thousands. And at Strasbourg a struggle was begun some days previously, in which the old and the new types of siege, so strongly opposed in their characters, were for once to be brought together in the same series of operations. The new Part now published, the Ninth Section of the great volume which it extends to fifteen hundred pages, supplies the very gaps thus pointed out, and thoroughly completes the fall of Napoleon III. as a military narrative.

Just one-third of its contents are devoted to the details of the hard fighting before Metz on the 31st August, continued through the morning of the 1st September, and known as the battle of Noisseville. For hard fighting it was, whatever theory of Bazeine's conduct be adopted; being made necessarily so by the vast superiority of numbers which the French used against the point of the investing lines they attacked, and the determination with which their adversaries resisted the attempt to break through. Yet we are not at all disposed to admit that those who study these details closely will concur in the conclusions drawn by the Berlin writer (p. 1482) in his judgment of this action, which, though guarded in tone, is not the less decided. According to his view, "the arrangements of the French Commander-in-Chief, and the conduct of his troops on the 31st of August, put it beyond all doubt that on the side of the enemy the firm determination prevailed, on this day at least, to break through the lines of the German army." The very wording of this paragraph seems to us to be rather begging the famous question of Bazeine's conduct, and in fact construing this

* *Der deutsch-französische Krieg 1870-71. Von der kriegsgeschichtlichen Abtheilung des Grossen Generalstabes. 1^{er} Theil. Heft 9. Mittler: Berlin. 1875.*

in the sense most pleasant to German warlike pride. For if the theory which absolutely condemns the Marshal be true, he would still have fought this, his one important action after being inclosed, with just sufficient vigour to cover the ultimate object of staying at Metz under the apparent force of circumstances. His troops when thrown upon the 1st Corps of Steinmetz's army, at first but slenderly supported, could have had no insight into any such concealed design; and their conduct, which at the opening of the action was brave enough, cannot possibly affect the question of Bazaine's honesty of purpose, unless the historian succeeds in showing that the ex-Marshal left no possible effort afterwards untried to carry out the purpose of breaking through. Now the battle was kept up until noon of the 1st of September; and so the very caution expressed in the words already quoted, "on this day at least," seems to contradict a belief in Bazaine's thoroughness of purpose, or at the best to condemn his want of tenacity. And the paragraph above translated, which professes to decide the question of his honesty, is followed by one the opening of which, to most people reading it, throws the gravest suspicion on the whole proceeding, and makes the defeat of the French in their attempt seem but a part of the foregone conclusion in their leader's mind. Referring to the French Council of War held five days before, the Berlin writer goes on to observe (the italics being our own):—

Marshal Bazaine had previously in his arrangements given assent to the reasons urged by some of the generals for keeping the Army of the Rhine still at Metz. But in the meantime, sooner or later, the consideration must have forced itself on him, whether it would not have been far more advantageous to leave at the great fortress of the Moselle nothing more than the garrison proper for its extent and the means of subsistence available, and with the mass of the army to gain the open field, in order once more to take a direct share in the defence of the country. The news received on the 29th August of the [intended] approach of the Army of Châlons pressed him imperiously to the last resolve.

So far, indeed, the argument, though a dubious one, apparently runs at its close in favour of Bazaine's having acted honestly, and may be taken by disinterested critics for what it is worth. But then follow words which take off much from the effect that these lines were evidently designed to produce:—

Notwithstanding this the Marshal could not reckon, even if he succeeded in breaking through, on being able to unite with the army without any further trouble, and effecting by the superiority of the forces thus united an immediate and decisive change in the course of the war. Such a result was only to be thought of on the assumption, which it would be very difficult to justify, that the armies of the two German Crown Princes [those which were then actually uniting to enclose that of Châlons] were to allow the advance of Marshal MacMahon to the east a perfectly free course.

Possibly the historian is here conscious that he has already counteracted the effect of what he has just before said in Bazaine's favour; for he takes pains to add the rather obvious reflection, that in any case the approach of the French forces intended to extricate him would, by dividing the attention of the investing army, profit that of Metz in its endeavour. But all the force of the argument as to a possible junction with the Army of Châlons is disposed of if we make the simple supposition that Bazaine did not choose (and indeed in this his judgment would have been perfectly right) to believe in MacMahon's approach to the Moselle until he should know something about it more tangible and trustworthy than the vague promises received from a comparatively distant part of France. If this were so indeed, which is most natural, and if Bazaine on the 31st of August still felt that he must decide for himself one way or the other independently, and with direct reference only to the forces which had been for some days investing him, then we are brought back to the simple test of the course of the action itself for any proof of the reality of his design.

And here we may at once say that the German account of what the Germans themselves did in the battle of Noisseville cannot help the judgment of the critic in the least. Attacked, as there is no question that they were, by a vastly superior force of French, the officers and men of which were animated with the hope of getting out of what all the more clear-sighted saw to be a very perilous and ignominious position, how could that part of the 1st Corps on which the brunt of the fighting fell on the 31st August possibly know the inner counsel which the enemy's commander kept in his own breast? It may readily be granted that, if the Germans had been so surprised, or in any way so demoralized as to have given way decidedly at the chief points of contact, the success of the French would no doubt have carried Bazaine forward with it, and the attempt to move on Thionville have become as real an operation as the Berlin history would make it. But this did not happen, and so the question still remains; Did Bazaine in this, which is now admitted to have been his only genuine sortie during the investment, use, or intend to use, the whole force at his command, and only fail either from want of means, or want of judgment as to the part which he selected? On this particular head we confess that we must prefer French evidence, notwithstanding its natural tendency to partisanship, to German, which, though more critical in itself, is hardly less biased, and is certainly based on a much more remote view of the French movements. And French evidence, as is well known, happens to be overwhelmingly on the side of those who insist that, although their commander at first threw a considerable part of his forces boldly forward on the enemy's lines, he did not follow up this step with the energetic action of one who felt the weight of the stake, which was in truth no less than the honour of his whole army, and the staying of the investment of Paris.

Into the particulars which so many writers offer it is impossible to enter here. But it is hardly going too far to assert that Bazaine himself, of all the chief French writers on the scenes of the battle of Noisseville, is almost alone in pretending that the advantage obtained at the outset was sufficiently followed up. And when we take from the pages before us the clear statement (p. 1486) that "the arrangements of Marshal Bazaine which preluded the battle seem to show a certain hesitation in his resolve," and again, that in a later paragraph which distinctly ascribes the failure of the advance of the 31st August solely to "the energetic resistance of the 1st Infantry Division and the overpowering effect of the German artillery, which stopped in the decisive direction" the whole force that led the movement, it seems really necessary to add little more. The fact is that Count Wartensleben, or whoever here holds the pen for the Moltke bureau, has assumed for the time, unconsciously very possibly, but not less fatally to his historical duty, the character of an advocate. His countrymen, and above all his comrades, have always treated it as a sort of point of honour to believe that the vast capture which rewarded their endurance round Metz could not have been even indirectly owing to the disturbed state of French politics, but was a purely military achievement, unparalleled of its kind for magnitude in the world's history. It is a very natural view no doubt, but, if admitted into the judgment beforehand, it makes a fair weighing of the whole circumstances almost impossible; and in adopting it the Moltke writer has, as it seems to us, only added a new example of the dangers that beset those who write history in a merely national spirit. For this historian, who has such faith in the ex-Marshal's intentions on the 31st, is the same whom we have quoted as showing that he had five days earlier assented to the fatal view urged on him, that to keep the army round the walls of Metz was to do the best service to the country; a view (as Bazaine's own work discloses) put forward with special force by the unhappy General against whom the country already had such heavy charges to lay, the ex-Minister of War, now commander of the IIIrd Corps, Marshal LeBoeuf.

It is but too naturally in accordance with this lenient view that the narrative before us, interesting and accurate as the details individually are, is hardly trustworthy when the question arises of the number of troops that actually opposed Bazaine on the two days of Noisseville. The calculation is that the French Commander-in-Chief, all deductions made, disposed of 120,000 for his attack on the German lines; and, after details of the various troops brought up to check it, it is said "there were available on the German side, towards the end of the battle, over 69,000 men, with 290 guns." But, looking a little closely at these figures, and the hours of arrival, it seems that this total represents rather the mass of men disposable long after the action was over than those that really fought. Twenty thousand appears to be rather above the strength of the 1st Corps, which was actually in occupation of the part of the lines on which Bazaine moved; and half that number represents the effective force of the 1st Division of the corps, on which the real strain fell. In short, however well the French at first came on, and whatever the alleged design of Bazaine, the fact that their effort was decisively checked by a force of not more than one-twelfth their strength speaks for itself as an argument which no mere belief in any one's honest intentions can refute.

There is yet one more practical test of the two theories as to Bazaine's conduct. In applying this we are compelled to correct the assertion with which the Berlin writer prefaces his "Considerations" on the battle of Noisseville. "Whilst the Germans," he says, "in all the previous battles of this war had come forward as the assailants, they had now for the first time the opportunity of making the advantages of well-trained infantry and the superiority of their artillery tell in a defensive action." Surely he who wrote thus has forgotten the admirable account in his own pages, which we not long since reviewed, of the battle of Mars-la-Tour, and of the memorable defence there made by Prince Frederick Charles's IIIrd Corps against the superior force attempting to drive it from the all-important ground it had seized. Though Bazaine, owing to a tactical blunder, kept back much of his army from joining in, there is no question that, on that day at any rate, two of his corps did their very best to force their way through the line occupied by the Germans. And what was the cost of the effort heroically sustained by the latter? Sixteen thousand of their number were left upon the ground; the French, on their part, hardly suffering less. Now at Noisseville again we find one German corps bearing the brunt, and again the losses nearly equal. But this action, on the fierceness of which the narrative rests Bazaine's reputation for energy, cost the Germans just three thousand men in all, and the French a few hundreds more. Here are figures taken from the writer's own pages, and it is only necessary to state them as sufficient reason for contesting the opinion with which he has prefaced them.

We have dwelt purposely on this one episode of the action of the 31st August, because it seems from this volume that Bazaine's defence is ultimately to rest solely upon it; and, after all, the motives and action of the fallen Marshal must form for all time to come the most important historical element in the story of the defence of Metz. It is for this reason that we have challenged the version adopted at Berlin, and deliberately set forth in this new Part of the narrative. There are other portions of great interest; as that, above all, which surveys the strategic opportunities which remained to the French when first shut in. But it would be impossible to do them justice now, and we leave them, for the present,

with the study offered us of the peculiarities of that siege of Strasburg, the conduct of which did so much to embitter Alsace against the Empire of which it now forms part.

LADY SEFTON'S PRIDE.*

WE must begin our notice of *Lady Sefton's Pride* by humbly confessing that we do not know so much of the inner lives of dukes and duchesses and the nobility in general as Miss Dora Russell. Hence we shall be at a disadvantage when we meet her on ground so familiar to her and so foreign to ourselves. Having made this confession, what we have to say of her book will doubtless show our ignorance of the good breeding and refined conduct characteristic, according to her showing, of those set in high places. Nevertheless, for the sake of our readers, whom we will assume to be as ignorant as ourselves, we will open our mind without reserve, not grudging the superiority we thus concede to the author.

In the first place, the grammar of the book is peculiar. We doubt whether a mere plebeian like Lindley Murray would have passed such sentences as "She would not scheme and sell herself like this beautiful girl is doing"; "Glimmering as it had done in the days of poor Caroline Merton, when her heart was hot and restless, like her son's was now"; and again, "My new home is the very place for an invalid like she is to recover." Dukes and duchesses and their chroniclers may find this a short and easy kind of syntax, but it sounds odd to plain people like ourselves. Also "the friendship between he and Walter continues unabated" is not middle-class grammar; but then Miss Russell deals so largely with the nobility, that we suppose she ought to know best. The language throughout this novel is all, we presume, of the very highest class, as it certainly does not belong to the commonplace herd of scholars and gentlemen. In *Lady Sefton's Pride* grammatical relatives are as independent as the young ladies of whom they treat, and boldly appear in the page without the sign of an antecedent to give them countenance. A face is "he," as when "he"—i.e. this "fine face"—"had inherited all his mother's beauty"; and new paragraphs constantly break the link between connected clauses. These irregular grains of style are charmingly relieved by bits of pathos such as:—"Maria read these words" (the advertisement of her lover's death), "and the room seemed to swim around her, and all grew dark before her eyes, and the next moment she fell with a dull and heavy thud upon the floor"; and "the empty seat they had sat on was there. The moon, too, as then, shone on the dark waters—shone on the lily leaves and the green boughs above—shone on, oh! God—what? Shone on a lovely white face—on Julia's lovely white face, floating where the lilies grew."

The story is as far removed from the vulgar commonplaces of middle-class existence as is the diction. We can only accept it as an exposition of high life, with reverent wonder at what that high life must be. But then we have not had the author's advantages, and are still in the stage of unfamiliar ignorance. *Lady Sefton's Pride*—which, by the way, seems a misnomer, as Lady Sefton's pride has not much to do with the matter in hand—deals mainly with the loves of Walter Sefton and Julia Norman, each having a second string to his or her bow, and each being false to the one love and absurd with the other. As for Miss Julia Norman, Lord Redcliffe's daughter and Walter Sefton's enchantress, we confess ourselves unable to understand her. She is supremely beautiful, and up to the time when Walter crosses her path she has been vilely heartless. But though she suffers herself to be married to the Duke of Malvern, who is as contemptible morally as he is unpleasant personally, she is madly in love with Walter, and ready to brave everything for his sake. Also she has been and is still utterly wilful and uncontrollable; so that we have in her a conglomerate of inharmonious elements by which ordinary analysis is rendered difficult. If she is difficult to the critic, she must have been impossible to her housemates. Neither her father, the proud, cold, powerful statesman, nor her great aunt and chaperon, the wicked, worldly Lady Bettly, seems to have possessed the smallest amount of influence over her. The paternal statesman warns Walter against her fascinations, then flings him into her way, and sets him the example of yielding his better reason to her desires. Lady Bettly from the first tells her that she is going to break Walter Sefton's heart and damage her chances of "the strawberry leaves," and that in terms of unmistakable plainness, not to say coarseness; but Julia, or, as she is familiarly called, Ju, plays with fire till she scorches herself, and by dint of trying to make Walter in love with her, falls into the pit she had dug for another, and loses her head as well as her heart. On the eve of her marriage with the Duke she makes her escape and goes down "on the quiet" to Cumber Park, where Walter is staying. Here they have hysterical scenes of love, many kisses, much tall talk, a few falsehoods on her part, and a great deal of drifting inanity on his. Then she is betrayed to Lady Bettly, when that energetic and much-veiled old stager suddenly appears on the scene, and drags off the sobbing girl to her sacrifice and the strawberry leaves. Not, however, before the old lady has rebuked Walter for not admitting her when she knocks at his bedroom door until he has "assumed some garments," answering his piteous pleading when she bids him open the door—"I can't for a few

moments, Lady Bettly; do wait till I am dressed"—with, "What folly about dress! I saw you in your baby-clothes, so it won't kill me to see you in your dressing-gown now." That night of the veteran's sudden arrival was rich in the matter of toilets. Walter, having "assumed some garments," goes into Julia's room, where he finds her "sitting, or rather leaning, against the side of the bed, dressed in a white dressing-gown, and with her long black hair streaming over her shoulders." To be sure the French maid, spy and traitor, is there; so is Lady Bettly, who protests vigorously enough against the young man's intrusion; but Walter is only occupied in finding out the truth, and learning for certain whether Julia is going to be married to the Duke, and whether she has been playing with and deceiving him. How much he was in earnest may be inferred from the fact that, "as he spoke, he grasped her hand in his fierce emotion so violently that he cut her finger with the diamond hoop which she wore, and she gave a sudden and sharp cry of pain." We have already had a glimpse of the final fate of this misguided young patrician, whose strawberry leaves produced the fruit of coarse contention between herself and her ducal spouse, and ended in a lovely white face floating where the water-lilies grew.

Besides this lovely young coquette, who develops first into a tigress and then into a sentimental suicide, Lord Redcliffe has an elder daughter, of whom we see very little, and a son of whom we see more than enough. "The Honourable George" is not cheering to the believer in humanity:—

"Mr. Norman, Mr. Sefton," went on Mr. Oliphant, with a slight wave of his hand, and with almost a start of disgust, Walter looked at the other person in the room, who rose, made a loutish bow, and then sat down again as his tutor mentioned his name.

This was the Honourable George Norman; heir of a long and noble line, and the successor to Lord Redcliffe's distinguished name.

He had not been born to these honours. In a bright and promising boyhood, an elder son had, to the terrible grief of Lord Redcliffe, been suddenly struck down, and it was only then that George, the younger one, had stepped into prominence. He was now about twenty years of age, and a tall, stout, well-formed young man, if he had carried himself better; but no one could look in his face, not even a passing stranger, and not see that some terrible defect, some strange want of mental capacity, had dwarfed his intellect, and left him with the mind of a child and the strong and uncurbed passions of a man.

"It was in his blood," people said, shrugging their shoulders, and his presence was so distasteful to Lord Redcliffe that rarely, if ever, he inhabited the same residence as his son. When the family came to Cumber, the Honourable George and his tutor generally went to Brighton, or some other watering-place, and it must be confessed that the Rev. Mr. Oliphant had little pleasure or honour in his charge.

This half-idiot has formed an attachment to Fanny Gresham, the bright and clever younger daughter of Lord Redcliffe's knavish agent; the tutor, Mr. Oliphant, being in love with Maria, the elder. When the lout marries Miss Fanny, as he does secretly, Lord Redcliffe's heart breaks, which may be thought rather absurd in his lordship. Grant that an agent's daughter is not, as a rule, quite the right kind of wife for a lord's son; still, when it comes to a lout like the Honourable George, might not a proud statesman have accepted with gratitude any well-conducted young person who would have sacrificed herself to such a creature, and have made him happy and kept him straight? We do not pretend to judge of proud statesmen and titled fathers; but surely Lord Redcliffe was weak and unreasonable to die of such a marriage. But we acknowledge that these are mysteries beyond us. Why my Lord had not more authority over his wilful daughter; why he let her run such risks of damaging her character as she must have done; why he took as the guardian and chaperon of his motherless girls such an old sinner as Lady Bettly; why Walter was such a weak fool as to let himself be entangled after all the warnings he had received, with his own Margaret Blackburn in the background; why Julia married the Duke; why Mr. Oliphant, who is meant to be an honourable man, put his honour in his pocket, and winked at the villany of Mr. Gresham, because he was in love with Mr. Gresham's daughter—why all these things were, we confess ourselves unable to understand. As little do we understand why *Lady Sefton's Pride* was written, or, being written, was published; or why any printer's reader could allow such a phrase as "between he and Walter" to pass as the English appropriate to the historian of dukes and duchesses, statesmen and scholars.

THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY.—VOL. V.*

SINCE we last noticed the slow progress of this work one or two more instalments of it have appeared. We propose to say a few words on the last volume that has been published. It contains the books of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the Lamentations. Under the general editorial supervision of Canon Cook of Exeter, the Introduction, Commentary, and Critical Notes upon Isaiah are by Dr. Kay, formerly Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta, and now Rector of Great Legh in Essex; and those upon Jeremiah by Dr. Payne Smith, the Dean of Canterbury. Both of these gentlemen are well known as accomplished Hebrew scholars; and we think that the present volume is in many respects a very great improvement upon some of its predecessors. We still indeed could desire a greater unity of sentiment and of method than can, we suppose, be attained even by the strictest editorial control of

* *Lady Sefton's Pride*. A Novel. By Dora Russell, Author of "The Vicar's Governess," &c. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1875.

* *The Holy Bible, according to the Authorized Version (A.D. 1611); with an Explanatory and Critical Commentary, and a Revision of the Translation, by Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Vol. V. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations. London: John Murray. 1875.*

independent writers. And we still feel that the present Commentary is both feeble and superfluous in presence of that remarkable monument of scholarship and theology, the complete Commentary on the Bible for which the Church of England has to thank the present Bishop of Lincoln. But still the field of the exegesis of Scripture is practically boundless, and we are glad to welcome any such labourers as those who have contributed to the present volume of the *Speaker's Commentary*. Dr. Kay and Dr. Payne Smith are very different in the character and bent of their minds. The former, though a man evidently of fervent piety and possessed of an almost mediæval knowledge of Scripture, is somewhat dry and jejune in his criticisms. Those who know anything of mediæval commentators do not require to be told that, contrary to the vulgar opinion on the subject, the actual knowledge of the text of the Scriptures was very much greater among such writers than it is among most modern divines. Unhappily their acquaintance with philology and the rules of sound criticism was but small. Dr. Kay, on the other hand, is equally keen with the best of them to discern the most minute and (as some would say) the most fanciful verbal parallelisms. But then his critical scholarship is never at fault. On the other hand, he is too often content with briefly indicating the parallelisms of expression, and the connexions of thought implied by them, without sufficient explanation. So that, however full of valuable suggestions his notes may be, we suspect that upon the majority of his readers they will be thrown away altogether. In fact, his annotations more nearly resemble the brief memoranda which a lecturer on the exegesis of Scripture would use for his own guidance while addressing his class, than the finished comments intended for home reading. On the other hand, the Dean of Canterbury's notes strike us as being far less valuable than his colleagues'. They seem to us to betray a far less deep insight into the heart of his subject, and to be satisfied in general with a mere commonplace interpretation of the general drift of the text. Dr. Kay's work in this volume reminds us, naturally, of his own valuable *Translation of the Psalms*, with his critical notes. His annotations speak only to those who are already competent to understand them. But we can scarcely fancy that either critical students or merely devout readers of the Bible will care to make much use of Dr. Payne Smith's fluent but shallow and superficial Commentary.

It is much to be regretted that the general editor has not imposed upon the various contributors to this joint work some common rule of abbreviations or references. Nothing can be harder for a man who has little previous knowledge of the criticism of the text of Scripture than to find, without any explanation (so far as we have seen in a careful examination of these volumes), references to "Aq.," "S.," and "Th." It is not every one who has learnt the use or the value of Origen's *Hexapla*, with its various readings from the translations of Aquila, Symmachus, or Theodotion. The work before us is a Commentary for the use of ordinary readers, and not merely for scholars. It can never be supposed, we imagine, that any one will read these volumes through consecutively. A Commentary is intended, surely, for occasional reference; and unlearned persons ought to find each note intelligible in itself, without needless reference to an *apparatus criticus*. But no such *apparatus* is here provided. Dr. Kay, indeed, condescends to explain two peculiar symbols of his own in an introductory note. He tells us that "s. w." and "s. v. a." mean respectively in his notes that the same Hebrew word is used in the quoted passages as in the text, or in the text as in certain quoted passages. And truly these symbols are necessary for his own special style of verbal criticism. But no other information is given. Dr. Kay is herein a worse offender than his colleague; but perhaps that is only because his references are far more numerous. When he refers, as he does, for example, at p. 230, to the "Qur.," many of his readers may be pardoned for not understanding that he means the Koran. Perhaps every one ought to know that Dr. Tristram's "N. H. of B." means *Natural History of the Bible*, and that Dr. Newman's "Gr. of As." means his *Grammar of Assent*. But surely the revising editor would have done well to expand these and other like abbreviations. Thus "Burton and Drake, Unexpl. S." is sufficiently enigmatical to readers who may not have chanced to fall in with the book. We may add that the names of contemporary commentators, and more especially of the German ones, are so abbreviated as to be scarcely intelligible even to those who are familiar with their works. The want of revising editorial care is to be noticed also in the fact that sometimes, as for instance in Isaiah i. 14, Dr. Kay, interpreting "my soul" as the seat of the emotions and affections, compares the expression with the words "my mind" in Jer. xv. 1. But on the latter place Dr. Payne Smith says nothing. In view of the present state of psychological science, the insufficient explanation of the one commentator and the absolute silence of the other are equally unsatisfactory.

But a still more remarkable discrepancy is to be noted in the estimates formed by these two scholars of the value of the recent interpretations of Assyrian cuneiform inscriptions. Here is Dr. Kay's note on the mention of Sargon, King of Assyria, in Isaiah xx. 1:—

In Dr. Schrader's *Die Keilinschriften und das Alte Testament* is a summary of what has been supposed to be made out by Assyriologists respecting Sargon. This includes a siege of Ashdod, and a campaign against Sevech, King of Egypt. After a minute examination of some of the works of the best Assyriologists (as M. Oppert, M. Méant, Mr. Norris, and Mr. Smith), the present writer is satisfied that the whole process of decipherment has not yet got beyond the tentative stage. In particular, as regards the names of Assyrian Kings, they have not been, properly speaking, discovered in the inscriptions, but rather read into them. They were found, because it was

assumed that they occurred there—"parce qu'on avait des raisons de croire qu'ils se retrouvaient dans un groupe donné." Results so obtained must undergo much patient verification before they cease to be hypothetical. For the present then (and probably for a long time to come) the decipherments cannot be held to furnish materials for authentic history.

On the other hand, the Dean of Canterbury, in his "Introduction to the Book of Jeremiah," refers to the cuneiform inscriptions as throwing a great flood of light upon the Assyrian period of Jewish history, and quotes Schrader in particular (especially as confirmed by Neteler, in the *Theol. Quartalschr.* of Tübingen) as an authority of the highest value. Canon Cook might well, we think, have attempted to harmonize these discordant views. The following note by Dr. Smith on Jeremiah xxi. 2 will perhaps be found instructive, as showing how very doubtful after all is much of the current interpretation of cuneiform inscription. For here we have Professor Rawlinson, Schrader, and Scheuchzer, all differing in the spelling and meaning of the name Nebuchadnezzar, and Oppert "now" agreeing with one of them, as though he had formerly held a different view:—

NEBUCHADREZZAR. This way of spelling the name, as we might expect in one personally acquainted with the Chaldeans, is more correct than Nebuchadnezzar, which nevertheless became finally the current form among the Jews, and as such is used by Jeremiah and even by Daniel. In the cylinders it is written *Nabu-kudurri-uzur*, which Professor Rawlinson explains as *Nebu protects the landmarks* ("Ancient Monarchies," iii. 80). Schrader ("Die Keilinschr. u. das A. Test.," p. 235) translates *Nebu, do thou protect the crown*, and Oppert now approves of this rendering. But in the "Zeitschrift d. morg. Gesellsch.," xvi. 487, Scheuchzer writes it *Nabu-cod-rossor*, and translates *Fire, the shining God*.

It would seem, from the Dean's own showing, that Dr. Kay's caution is well timed.

We need scarcely say, perhaps, that Dr. Kay is orthodox on the subject of there being but one Isaiah. He has discussed the suggestion of a deuterio-Isaiah very briefly, but very ably, in his Introduction. The whole of this preliminary essay indeed is exceedingly worth reading, and not the least so is the part in which he discusses the prophet's own description of his book as a Vision. We confess, too, that we like his practice of adding "observations" to the passages on which he comments. It is a very convenient one, and peculiar to himself. It affords an occasional opportunity for drawing an inference, or introducing some collateral thought, apart from the verbal commentary, which is most advantageous. We observe even in Dr. Kay, as in some of his colleagues whose contributions to earlier volumes we have noticed on former occasions, a marked abstinence from what is called *mystical* interpretation. In due subordination to, and in harmony with, the primary sense of the text, we believe that the secondary meaning is often of the highest importance in the interpretation of Scripture. We were especially struck with the frigidity and insipidity of his remarks on the sublime vision of the heavenly temple in Isaiah vi. 3, and the doctrinal import of the Tetractys. A subsequent note to the effect that "the Trisagion, if it does not expressly propound the solution, implies it," is, to say the least, a most inadequate treatment of a most important subject. On the other hand, we find a very full and beautiful commentary on the phrase "spreading forth" his hands, as he that swimmeth, in the twenty-fifth chapter. Again, however, in commenting on the eleventh chapter, Dr. Kay not only does not say a word of the "seven gifts of the Spirit" therein enumerated, but actually speaks of them as six, divided into "three pairs." We lighted by chance upon one example which illustrates the most provoking fault of all in a commentator. Suppose a man to have heard a doubt expressed as to who "the angel of the presence" really was, and to turn to this Commentary, Isaiah lxiii. 9, for an explanation. Dr. Kay supplies various parallel passages, and refers his reader to a note in a previous volume, and also to Dr. Mill on Pantheism and to Dr. Pusey on Daniel. But he does not answer the question in plain terms, though his readers have every right to look for such a solution for their doubts. We notice, we may observe, an interesting suggestion that "the son of Tabeal," mentioned in the seventh chapter of Isaiah, was a descendant of Naaman, retaining his ancestor's faith in the God of Israel. Dr. Payne Smith, too, suggests reflections in his identification of Assurbanipal with "the great and noble Assnapper" of the book of Ezra; and he argues, successfully, we think, that Hilkiah, the father of Jeremiah, was the high-priest of that name. We conclude with a curious note of Dr. Smith's on the earliest cypher on record, which will interest all cryptographers. Jeremiah mentions a King of Sheshach (xxv. 26). What is Sheshach? The answer is that it is a cypher for Babel:—

Of the numerous explanations given of this word, that alone of Jerome is probable, obtained by him doubtless from the Rabbi who instructed him in Hebrew. He says that it is the name Babel, written in cypher. This, the oldest known cypher, consisted simply in reversing the order of the alphabet, whence its name *Atbash*, T, the last letter, being put for Aleph, SH, the next in reverse order, for Beth, and so on. By carrying this process back it will be found that Caph = CH takes the place of L, and then SHESHACH becomes Babel. A more remarkable example occurs in ch. li. x, where the unmeaning words "the heart of my risers up" become, when the letters are similarly transposed, "the Chaldeans."

On the latter place Dr. Smith well remarks:—

We are not to suppose that the cypher was invented by Jeremiah, or that he used it here for concealment. On the contrary, it is probable that it was first devised either for political purposes or for trade, and was in time largely employed in the correspondence between the exiles of Babylon and their friends at home. And thus words in common use like Sheshach and Lebkamai would be known to everybody.

In conclusion we may say that we think the Dean of Canterbury's commentary on the Lamentations of Jeremiah remarkably inferior in quality and unsympathetic in tone.

LEYDEN'S POETICAL WORKS.*

SHALL we say that the plague of centenaries has fallen of late years with equal violence on ourselves and on the sister kingdoms? Assuredly there is temptation enough to move us. But let us refrain from rash and general words, seeing that the keeping of times and days, by way of anniversary, jubilee, centenary, or multiple centenary, or howsoever otherwise calculated, is of itself a thing indifferent. And it may be the occasion of things good and profitable when it can be used to stir up men to some deed or remembrance which is right and fitting, but cannot be brought to pass unless a common action is determined to a definite time and place by some kind of conventional appropriateness. But, if it may be discreetly and laudably used for a means, it is not hastily to be taken for an end. To speak more closely to our present point, if an edition of an author's works is wanted, it may be very proper to choose the centenary of his birth or death for producing it; but the occurrence of such centenary is not alone an absolute and sufficient reason why an edition should be produced. Now Dr. John Leyden would be a hundred years old if he were alive this year, and therefore his poems are reprinted. This Leyden, as an old chronicler would say, was a man of remarkable native vigour and industry. He raised himself from a humble origin to be a trusted servant of the Government of India. After being known as an authority on the ballad literature of his own country, he acquired a knowledge of Oriental languages then, and probably since, unrivalled in variety and extent. On his going out to India the only appointment he could obtain was a medical one, and to obtain it he had first to qualify himself to practise medicine; he betook himself to the work, and did qualify himself in six months. He was the friend of Scott and his compeers, and they dealt with him as an equal. He was eccentric and at times overbearing in his manners, but a man of strength and worth. In short, his memory deserves all respect, and we are as far from entertaining any design to disparage it as the design, if entertained, would be idle. But whether his poems deserve a centenary edition is another question, on which we conceive that opinions are free; and the opinion at which we have arrived does not coincide with that of the publishers.

There was one exception to the general esteem in which Leyden was held. This exception was Campbell. Between him and Leyden there was a strong personal hostility, coexistent with a mutual critical respect or even admiration, but apparently in no wise tempered by it. This was accounted for partly by incompatibility of temper, partly by some specific ground of quarrel of which conflicting accounts were given. It is singular that Leyden's poetical aim and manner were so like those of his enemy that his work might almost be taken for an imitation. If any one wants to imagine what Leyden's poems are like, let him first deduct from Campbell's those brilliant felicities, such as the "Battle of the Baltic" and certain other pieces, for whose sake his writings live. Then let him conceive Campbell's average work, excluding these extraordinary lights, to be done very fairly well, but distinctly not so well. Is this likely to be a root of lasting fame, or has it vital fire enough to be fanned into blaze by a centenary edition? It seems that the Edinburgh Borderers' Union think so. The editor himself, to judge from what he says in his Memoir, is in truth pretty nearly of one mind with us:—

His poetry, in some cases, is inspired with a melody of expression which is seldom surpassed; but the greater part of it is strained and heavy. "The Scenes of Infancy" rank him beside Campbell, but it has not the finish of "The Pleasures of Hope." It bears the marks of having been hurriedly pieced together, and like Alexander Smith's "Life Drama," composed of a number of shorter poems, afterwards collected, and united under one title. Some of his minor pieces are truly beautiful.

The editor goes on to select two poems for especial praise as being "products of an imagination which could have risen to a very high position among our chief lyric poets." On referring to these we find them to be creditable and eminently respectable pieces of work according to the taste and manner of the time; of true lyric imagination they have nothing. That we may not leave the reader to trust merely to our assertion, it may be proper to give a specimen of the "Scenes of Infancy":—

Roxburgh! how fallen, since first, in Gothic pride,
Thy frowning battlements the war defied,
Called the bold chief to grace thy blazoned halls,
And bade the river gird thy solid walls!
Fallen are thy towers, and, where the palace stood,
In gloomy grandeur, waves yon hanging wood;
Crushed are thy halls, save where the peasant sees
One moss-clad ruin rise between the trees;
The still-green trees, whose mournful branches wave,
In solemn cadence o'er the hapless brave.
Proud castle! Fancy still beholds thee stand,
The curb, the guardian of this Border land,
As when the signal flame that blazed afar,
And bloody flag, proclaimed impending war,
While, in the lion's place, the leopard frowned,
And marshalled armies hemmed thy bulwarks round.

We have chosen an apostrophe, for constant apostrophes are a distinctive mark—perhaps we might say the distinctive mark—of the

* *The Poetical Works of Dr. John Leyden.* With Memoir by Thomas Brown. London and Edinburgh: William P. Nimmo. 1875.

language affected by the didactic poetry of that generation. The reader who verifies our extract and turns over one page more will be further rewarded by finding that "Tempé rises on the banks of Tweed" in the most appropriate and classical fashion. "A name given to any valley noted for the beauty of its scenery," adds the editor (if indeed it be the present editor) in a foot-note which at once carries us a century back. But it deserves a passing notice that the memoir prefixed to this edition consistently aims at reproducing the tone and language of the author's time, and upon the whole with remarkable success. The following passage shows how Leyden and others were caught in a storm on the West coast of Scotland:—

The fear of a watery grave already held the small company in its chill grasp, when our hero, to the utter consternation of all, began to sing, as he says, his death-song, and shout, "Lochaber no more." But fate had not decreed that they should so perish. They managed to land on Lismore in safety, but thoroughly drenched.

It is true that in the last sentence the editor has lapsed, doubtless through inattention, into the slovenly modern habit, or rather the habit of our barbarous ancestors revived by the moderns, of telling plain facts in plain words. The adoption of the style proper to the author's own time is a refinement of centenary devotion which we do not remember to have met with elsewhere. It is unfortunate that in this instance the style happens to be about the worst that ever prevailed in English prose. But we must not be too hard on the memoir, which is readable and intelligible except in the pathetic passages, and allows the original authorities to speak for themselves by giving considerable extracts from correspondents.

A not inconsiderable part of the poems consists of translations from various languages. Those from the Greek, of which alone we can form any direct judgment, are as loose and conventional as translations were then accustomed to be. In a version of certain celebrated lines of Simonides, Danaë is made to address her child as "in brazen folds immured." Nobody would guess by the light of nature that these "brazen folds" represent a wooden chest fastened with copper bolts, which in other stanzas of the translation becomes a "bier" and a "floating cell." Leyden comes into direct competition with his personal enemy Campbell in dealing with the well-known drinking song ascribed to Hybrias of Crete. This piece is somewhat oddly headed "from Hybrias Cretensis," as if Hybrias Cretensis had been a standard author. The version itself is nothing like so good as Campbell's either in spirit or in accuracy.

In short, without saying that in a time when centenaries are so fashionable Leyden does not deserve on other grounds a centenary as well as other people, we are of opinion that in its present form the celebration is misconceived. There was matter enough for a biography, and it is to be regretted that this was not taken up as a substantive work. A good biography of Leyden without the poems might be a book of real interest and good for example of life. As things now stand we cannot say that there is much instruction or entertainment to be found in the present volume. It is an ungracious task to have to say so of a publication which is quite innocent and exceedingly well meant, but we cannot see our way to any different verdict.

COSITAS ESPAÑOLAS.*

MRS. HARVEY'S short preface is apologetic, but scarcely satisfactory. She confesses that she has nothing new to say of a country that has been often and ably described; but she hopes that her testimony to the attractive character of the people may enlist the sympathy of some hearts in their struggle to emerge from the darkness in which they have been enveloped for so long. We can only say that, if sympathy could have helped the Spaniards, and if it were to be excited by studying the writings of tourists, the people would long ago have been emancipated and enlightened to a degree that must have excited the envy of their neighbours. But the fact is, that while every one must compassionate the miserable condition of fallen Spain, the compassion is largely mingled with contempt, chiefly because no such struggle exists as Mrs. Harvey seems to believe in. Spain sinks lower and lower, she is become the battle-ground of factions and the prey of political adventurers, because her people passively acquiesce in their own misfortunes, and show more and more indifference as to helping themselves. Nor do we see that Mrs. Harvey enjoyed unusual opportunities of adding to our information, or of recording more than partial impressions very cursorily formed. She made no long stay in the Peninsula. She only travelled by one or two of the most frequented routes, and visited a few of the most hackneyed resorts of the ordinary visitor. She lived very much in that good society which, being more or less cosmopolitan, is much the same in all countries; and such acquaintances as she formed among the lower orders were chiefly among innkeepers, lodging-house-keepers, and *laquais de place*, show-people, diligence conductors, *et id genus omne*. The real unfamiliar Spain lies away from the high roads altogether. It is only to be explored satisfactorily by a hardy and somewhat adventurous horseman who carries his wardrobe and note-books in his saddle-bags, and speaks the language with tolerable facility. Borrow has told us a good deal about it; so has Ford; and the Spaniard has changed

* *Cositas Españolas; or, Every-day Life in Spain.* By Mrs. Harvey, of Ickwell Bury, Author of "Turkish Harems and Circassian Homes." London: Hurst & Blackett. 1875.

but little since their time, and certainly has not changed for the better. So that Mrs. Harvey's widely-printed volume hardly performs what it professes, and besides its contents are somewhat stale. Although the preface is silent as to dates, we learn from the contents that she paid her visit during the reign of Victor Amadeus; thus her information is ancient history by this time, so far as it has any political value. Publishing at all was evidently an afterthought, yet the *Cositas* are just the sort of very light writing that gains greatly by being promptly published.

Mrs. Harvey modestly styles her experiences *Cositas*, and, taking them as trifles, they are sufficiently entertaining. She has the knack of writing pleasantly of familiar topics and "everyday life," and although you know beforehand very much what she is going to say, yet you follow her as she says it with no sense of dullness. For instance, there were no more remarkable incidents on her passage from Southampton to Gibraltar than winds, and fogs, and heavy ground swells, yet she fills her first chapter with a lively and agreeable account of a very disagreeable passage. Then follows a vivid analysis of the discomforts of diligence travelling, not the less effective that it is highly coloured. The diligence lands us at Grenada, which we have so often visited before in every variety of company, and where we must infallibly have arrived sooner or later. Unless some future tourist should assist involuntarily at the destruction of the Alhambra by Andalusian Communists, or at the long-delayed return of the Moors with the house keys which their exiled ancestors carried into Africa, we take it to be beyond the power of man or woman to say anything new on the subject of Grenada. As for its lions, speaking materially, they seem stereotyped on the brains even of those who have never seen them with the eye of sense. Artists of all kinds, from painters in oils to photographers and modellers in stucco, have reproduced every detail of the Alhambra itself, and the Generalife on the opposite hill. To say nothing of the compilers of the Guide-books, who have been put upon their mettle by the competition of enthusiastic outsiders, romantic historians like Washington Irving and Lord Lytton have cast each bit of history and legend and history in the most graceful forms, and assigned them their local habitation in some part of the hallowed precincts. We have nothing left to learn or to imagine about the unlucky Boabdil, or the chivalrous Musa, about the Court of the Lions, or the tower of the Princesses. Furthermore, all the flowers of language have been plucked long ago, and strewed by way of tribute to the union of so much natural beauty with so many romantic memories. We are become familiar with the sighing of the evening breeze, breathing from the snow-clad heights of the Nevada, in soft sympathy with the song of innumerable nightingales. We know all about the luscious perfumes floating over the rose-bowers, and the murmur of the rippling waters stealing in silence and darkness under cool masses of luxuriant foliage, while the thermometers in the town are standing at 90°. Before the assertion was reiterated by Mrs. Harvey, we have been assured over and over again that the place is an earthly paradise, and though for ourselves we may have discovered snakes in the grass, we do not presume to set our personal experiences against so general a weight of testimony. But though it would be most unfair to find fault with any one for not being original where originality is well nigh hopeless, we do own to an ever-increasing curiosity as to the impulses that can prompt a clever writer to harp on so hopelessly hackneyed a theme. To be sure, Mrs. Harvey may urge that she had found a reason for writing in the circumstance that her sojourn was brought to a close by something like a sensational adventure. After being alarmed by rumours of Carlists in the neighbouring Sierra, confirmed, apparently, by the arrival of reinforcements to the garrison, the ladies met a band of ill-looking men, when returning of an evening from the Generalife to the Alhambra. At the sound of their feet they had had time to secrete themselves, and they had never an opportunity of discovering for certain whether the party were truculent guerillas or harmless volunteers. But, having learned from our Minister that Madrid was safe, and the road to it open, they very prudently moved northwards to the capital.

Naturally Mrs. Harvey objected to genuine Spanish cookery, and never got over her original antipathy to strong-tasting oil and high-smelling garlic. She found some humble friends in a family inhabiting one of the towers in the Alhambra, who, when she chanced to drop in at their uncertain meal-times, would hospitably insist upon her sharing the repast. On these occasions, however, she was warned by her sense of smell when the cookery was exceptionally offensive, so that at her discretion she could beat a timely retreat. But at Seville she imprudently committed herself beyond possibility of such easy extrication. She hired an apartment in the house of a highly respectable woman, formerly in the service of a Spanish friend. The old lady and her pretty niece fell in love with their English lodgers, and exerted their culinary talents to the utmost. They sent up little dinners into which they had thrown their whole souls, but all the dishes were unpalatable and some positively execrable. To our mind there are many worse things than an *olla*, if you can only suppress the garlic and subdue the onions. But these *ollas* served to Mrs. Harvey by her landlady were redolent of onions, and viciously impregnated with garlic, and if the weather was hot and the appetite in need of coaxing, we can fully sympathize in her intense repugnance to them. The ladies contrived to support nature on rusks and coffee taken surreptitiously; occasionally, when hunger became insupportable, sallying out to a neighbouring hotel, and laying in supplies at the *table-d'hôte*. Unhappily that course could only be resorted

to in extremity, as it wounded the feelings of Pepita and her aunt, so that the pleasure of the tourists' sojourn in Seville was marred by a course of self-mortification. But Spain, as Ford observed long ago, is anything but a land of flesh-pots; and whatever the faults of the Spaniards, they are neither gluttons nor *gourmands*. On a visit which Mrs. Harvey paid subsequently to some friends at their summer residence, situated in the picturesque wilds of the Guadarrama, she suffered even more than at Seville. For the keen air of the mountains was much more appetizing than that of the hot flats in the Guadalquivir valley, nor were there pastrycooks or hotel tables within convenient reach. No one could have been more anxious to make his guests comfortable than their noble host. But solid repasts came seldom, and the habits of the household were of Spartan simplicity according to English notions. Dinner, supper, or whatever they pleased to call it, came after sunset, and all that was served out to them to support sinking nature to that unseasonable hour was the cup of chocolate in the early morning. The cook did not even live in the house, but strolled up from his quarters in the neighbouring village to see to his batteries in the course of the afternoon. Animal food was scarce and poor. The beef was brought up from the plains; and, though there were flocks of sheep on the mountains, as they had to pick up a living from the parched herbage, the mutton was coarse and lean. The proprietors of the *Quinta* reconciled the necessities of the case with their religious duties, and kept Wednesdays as well as Fridays as *jours maigres*. But on their hungry Protestant inmates the arrangement came doubly hard, as all they had to fall back upon was bread and oranges.

On deliberate perusal we cannot acknowledge any very obvious reason for Mrs. Harvey's publishing her work at all, especially after having delayed its appearance so inexplicably. But we have conscientiously endeavoured to do justice to its merits, and willingly repeat that she has made the most of slight and unconnected materials. Not the least entertaining part of it is the appendix, which swells what would have been otherwise a somewhat insufficient bulk with a reprint from the journals of a French "lady of quality" who visited the Peninsula a couple of centuries ago, when tourists were more rare and less given to scribbling.

CASTLE DALY.*

A GREAT outcry has been made by authors lately as to the hard measure they receive from the public in the matter of exclusive possession of, and profit from, their own intellectual offspring. One eminent novelist rates the benefit conferred upon those who read by those who write at so high a rate that it should fairly obtain the utmost price they may be pleased to demand. But he, equally with his more modest or less outspoken brethren, omits to take notice of a custom which ought to console a good many of them for much indirect and some direct piracy. An author may sometimes fail to pocket all that his ideas prove to be worth in hard cash; but the buyer who unwittingly gives full price for a so-called new novel of which all but the last few chapters has already appeared in some magazine has at least equal right to complain. The one parts with his article before realizing its price, the other parts with his money, but fails to receive its value. In making this remark we cast no blame on Miss Keary in particular, for she has but followed the ordinary practice in having published this Irish story first in *Macmillan's Magazine*; indeed it would be useless to blame any one for taking a course which authors and publishers alike will continue to take as long as it is found profitable. For the sake, however, of logical precision, we would suggest a fresh sub-heading under "new" in the next English dictionary, where the modern signification of the term as applied to novels might be fully explained.

The author of *Castle Daly* has three great and unusual points of merit—her language is good, her imagination is pure, and her pages are honestly filled, not eked out by blank spaces and notes of admiration as are those of so many writers. Yet we must acknowledge to have read the complete work with less pleasure than we did the monthly instalments. We seem to be like a schoolboy who should have the half-year's doses of grey powder administered in one awful lump. It is true that he might get the accumulated sweatmeat at the same time, but the just balance would have been destroyed by the increased quantities. Dialogue and incident are the palatable part of a novel, narrative and description the useful but less toothsome powder. Mr. Trollope knows this so well that he makes his characters tell the whole, or very nearly the whole, story in talk. Miss Keary realizes it so little that she fills a good half of each volume with endless disquisitions on what each personage has at any period of his or her life thought or done, or on how the shadows fell this way or that upon the lakes and mountain-sides of Connemara. By doing this an author overweights his story; for when page after page of narrative, with all the lines unbroken, has caused the reader's eyelids to feel heavy, an extraordinary degree of skill is required to remove this first impression and ward off the quiet slumber which may be soothing in itself but is not complimentary to the writer. It is fair to say that not a little of the *Castle Daly* description is both thoughtful and well worked out, but concentration would be doubly grateful if it could be found in addition

* *Castle Daly: the Story of an Irish Home Thirty Years Ago.* By Annie Keary, Author of "Oldbury," &c. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

to delicacy of perception and firmness of idea. As the Revolution is in French history an inexhaustible mine of stirring incident, so in that of Ireland the agitated years of the Repeal movement, followed by the terrible famine of 1845-46, have furnished countless writers with a sufficient basis of truth to make their fictions closely resemble fact. Enthusiastic patriots with a tendency to rhyme and an absence of logic equally appropriate to their twenty summers; the blind devotion of miserable starving peasants to the representatives of "an old family"; splendid unselfishness on the part of Irish ladies—the best type of whom can be surpassed by the women of no other race—make up a mass of kaleidoscopic material that may be thrown together a thousand times, and yet produce at each a fresh and pleasing combination. Miss Keary has, too, the power, rare among her countrywomen, of appreciating justly the sterling worth and tenderness which so often underlie the hard crust of formal English common sense, not less than the romantic and chivalrous, but illogical and impracticable, character of the Irish. Moreover, she does not shrink the acknowledgment of that which is the great blot in the character of all emotional nations; for in more than one conspicuous instance she allows the reader to see how a want of sincerity baffles as well as disgusts those who are exerting every energy to help men and women incapable of helping themselves. This fault is frequently attributed to the demoralizing influence of the Roman Catholic confessional, where it is alleged that straightforward honesty towards Protestants is rather discouraged than insisted upon; but as a matter of fact the Irish peasant is scarcely more sincere towards his Popish than his Protestant superior, while the Cornishman who regards the successor of St. Peter as anti-Christ, and the Frenchman who troubles himself little about any form of religion, are equally faulty in this respect.

The scene of the story is the house of Castle Daly, which stands backed by trees at the head of a wide lawn sloping down to Lough Corrib; its owner, Dermot Daly, a capital type of the generous easy-going class of Irish landlords, being king, or rather feudal chief, of the hamlet which clusters round its ever-open front gate, and of many a mile of green mountain and moor beyond. His English wife has never ceased to regret the trim order of her original home, and idolizes her eldest boy Pelham, who has learnt reserve at Eton and at Pelham Court, his uncle's place; while she is annoyed by the Irish impulsiveness of her daughter Ellen and younger son Connor. Constant remonstrances, assisted by a chance visit of her brother, Sir Charles Pelham, to Castle Daly, at last prevail upon her husband to look into his affairs, and as a necessary step towards retrieving his wasted fortunes he leaves Ireland for a time, and gives up the occupation of his house and the management of his estate to a hard-headed practical English brother and sister, John and Bride Thornley. The contrast between the new agent's cold, business-like rule, and the lax sympathetic *laissez-faire* of the Squire produces a dangerous feeling of discontent. Mr. Daly gathers from the report of his cousin Anne O'Flaherty that his agent's life is not safe, and returns from England to prove in a terrible manner the truth of the rumour, and to exhibit a courage that goes far to redeem his careless and mistaken, if not actually misspent, life. On his death a searching investigation shows the hopeless condition of his affairs, and the Dalys are saved from absolute beggary only by the rent paid for their castle by the pretty little English heiress Lesbia Maynard, which enables them to live in a small way at a shooting-box some miles distant. Here, at the Eagle's Nest, they are brought face to face with the frightful havoc caused among the peasantry by the potato failure and the consequent famine-fever; while the excitement of political anxiety is added to their trouble through the youngest son Connor's connexion with the rebel leaders in Dublin who find utterance in the *Nation* newspaper. Ellen Daly is a most charming personage, golden-haired and blue-eyed, with a noble air and open carriage, which fitly represent the frank, generous, and strong spirit within. Lesbia, also a beauty, but in a less magnificent way, is capable of loving deeply and showing her love courageously, although at ordinary times she is a trifle commonplace. But the finest and most original female character in the book is that of Anne O'Flaherty, and we know nothing in Irish fiction which more truly represents the mixed disposition of Irish peasants than the story of her work at Good People's Hollow, with its failures and successes. We have begun, as in courtesy bound, with the heroines; but, of course, Ellen and Lesbia have each their hero, and indeed both are provided with a couple of recognized admirers, not to mention another gentleman or two who are either less attached or less inconsolable followers.

We do not wish to spoil the interest of a novel that is well worth reading, and we have consequently given the merest indication of the plot; but the varied play of lovmaking, the usual theme of fiction, is treated with unusual liveliness and care, while the peculiar episodes of Irish life are introduced at frequent intervals with a touch at once broad and faithful. The scene on Sir Charles Pelham's first arrival at Castle Daly is very amusing, and the disgust and attempt at dignity of his Etonian nephew amid the wild gushing welcome of his father's ragged retainers are capitally depicted. The tragic incident of the Squire's death is vividly and yet tenderly drawn, while the mingled humour and pathos of little Lesbia's sudden declaration of her love are well conceived and graphically written. The fault of the book is that it is somewhat heavy. The aim of the author has been to represent her countrymen favourably to English eyes, and at the same time to make England and English ideas less distasteful to them. We think

that the main action of her story does this with such entire success that she need not have added to it the heavy weight of disquisition. A political argument may fairly enough be illustrated by a novel, and if the conception of the individual figures is powerful, and the light and shade well centred round them, the argument will be strongly enforced. But we do not take up a work of fiction in order to read a political essay, and we feel that it is an unfair tax upon our leisure. It is like choosing an armchair for our slippers ease, and finding the back stiffly upright or the cushions hard and lumpy from excess of stuffing.

MINOR NOTICES.

PROFESSOR STANLEY JEVONS * has succeeded in writing a very readable and interesting—we may almost say amusing—treatise on what is usually a very dismal and bewildering subject—money. He gives an account of the past and present monetary systems of the world, the materials employed in coinage, the regulations under which coins are made and issued, the natural laws which govern their circulation, and the methods by which the actual passing of money may be economized or rendered unnecessary by the use of paper documents and a general clearing-house system; and he does this in an equally pleasant and instructive manner. It will perhaps be a relief to many to know that he has nothing to say of those dreadful currency questions which have driven so many worthy folk out of their senses. He just touches on the Bank Charter Act and some kindred mysteries in passing, referring those who wish for more information on such points to Mr. Bagehot's well-known essay. His object is simply to throw light upon some of the more immediate and practical questions, such as the best coinage for counting in, the most convenient measure of value, and so on; and there can be no doubt that the present circumstances, not only of several of the chief States of Europe, but of America, give a particular interest to these inquiries. Professor Jevons starts with a good story of a French lady who gave a concert in the Society Islands on the understanding that she was to have a third of the receipts. When counted, her share was found to consist of three pigs, twenty-three turkeys, forty-four chickens, five thousand cocoa-nuts, besides considerable quantities of bananas, lemons, and oranges; which would have been a very fair return if it could have been turned into cash. Unfortunately cash was scarce, and there was some delay in realizing the stock, so that it became necessary to feed the pigs and poultry with the fruit. The levity of this anecdote may perhaps shock some people; but there could hardly be a better illustration of the conditions of barter and the usefulness of a standard currency; and the rest of the book is marked by a similar avoidance of pedantic solemnity. There is nothing of the big-wig in the Professor's dissertation. In treating of the materials of coins, he cites the tradition that Lycurgus obliged the Lacedæmonians to use iron money, in order that its weight might be a check upon overmuch trading, and he remarks that, if this rule were adopted at the present day, a penny would weigh about a pound, and a ton of iron would represent a five-pound note. On the other hand, gold and silver are very awkward for a small currency. A silver penny weighs seven and a-half grains, and a gold one would be only half a grain. The octagonal quarter-dollar tokens circulated in California weigh less than four grains each, and are so thin that they can almost be blown away. The suitability of gold and silver for the higher values has, however, everywhere been recognized. Tin has been used for coinage at various times—in William and Mary's reign there were tin halfpence and farthings—but its softness and tendency to bend or break make it a bad circulating medium. Copper in a pure state is now being generally given up for bronze. An alloy of one part of nickel with three of copper has been adopted for the smaller coins of Belgium and the one-cent pieces of the United States, and more recently for the ten and five pfennig pieces of the German coinage, which are rather less than a shilling and sixpence respectively. One of the obstacles to the use of nickel is the variable-ness of its price, but the increased demand for it will probably bring out a larger supply, and this may steady the market. A weak point in the new German gold coins would seem to be their almost smooth edges, with only a few faint incised marks, which are a very doubtful protection against forgery. Professor Jevons thinks that the deterioration of our own gold coinage is becoming very serious, and produces great injustice, and that the Government ought to bear the loss occasioned by the wear of gold, as it already bears that of silver currency. The question is of course a difficult one, on account of the danger of encouraging "sweating"; but Professor Jevons holds that the present practice is more injurious in that way, as it accustoms people to old and wasted coins. If, on the other hand, only full-weight fresh coins were in use, a doubtful coin would be so exceptional that it would be rejected in ordinary transactions, and any attempts at sweating would be readily detected. It is also suggested that our copper coinage is much too weighty, and that coins of half the weight in nickel or some other alloy would be more convenient and agreeable. If steel could be prevented from rusting, it would be one of the best possible materials. A good deal of space is devoted to the problem of an international coinage; but Professor Jevons, though he thinks the decimal system will in the end be predominant, if

* *Money and the Mechanism of Exchange.* By Professor W. Stanley Jevons. Henry S. King.

only from the hold which it has taken on the world, candidly admits its defects, and shows that the duodecimal system is in various ways much more simple and convenient. We cannot go through the whole of this work, but we have said enough to show its interesting and suggestive character. It should be mentioned that it is one of the volumes of the "International Scientific Series."

The fourth volume of Mr. R. Black's excellent translation—at once careful and easy—of M. Guizot's *History of France** for the young is chiefly occupied by the reign of Louis XIV. It cannot be said that there is in M. Guizot's work any trace of the picturesqueness and animation which distinguish Scott's incomparable *Tales of a Grandfather*; but it has qualities of its own which command respect. M. Guizot is, as may be supposed, a thoroughly Conservative historian, and holds aloof from the vagaries of the Michelet school, who systematically attack traditional views and dethrone the old idols. Indeed his weakness is the other way, and takes the form of a somewhat servile conventionality. One would have thought that a man with such hereditary instincts and personal experiences as M. Guizot would have been a determined foe to the sort of adulation with which Louis XIV. was at one time glorified, and would have exposed him in his true colours. As a Protestant M. Guizot of course cannot extenuate the persecution of his co-religionists, nor does he yield anything on the point of morals; but still he cannot bring himself to pluck down the idol from its niche and show the hollowness of the gilded clay. "Louis XIV.," we are told, "reigned every where, over his people, over his age, often over Europe." It is probable that the historian was not in any way responsible for the portrait of the Grand Monarque which prefaces this volume, and which embodies with grotesque extravagance the conventional notion of his grandeur, but the same idea is reflected in the text. That aspect of the subject which is suggested by Thackeray's well-known companion picture of the poor shivering mortal without his huge wig, high heels, and other padding, is entirely ignored. We cannot say that we have any relish for M. Michelet's plan of studying a monarch in the note-books of his doctors, but historical veracity requires at least the stripping of false greatness. In the chapter on "Louis XIV., Literature, and Art," we are told that the King had stamped his "imposing majesty" both on literature and art, and that he constantly served as the "centre and guide" of the great age, and "crowned olden France with its last and most splendid wreath." In point of fact, the greatness of France which bloomed at this time had its roots in an earlier generation, and distinctly declined under the pernicious influence of the monarch as he gradually disclosed the essential meanness of his mind and character. Subject to this protest, however, the *History* is clear and readable, and is at least the best of its kind at present to be had. The theatrical illustrations contrast absurdly with the sobriety of the text, and might well be omitted.

Mr. Cates's *Biographical Dictionary*†, the first edition of which was published some eight years ago, has been proved in service to be a very complete and trustworthy work of reference. Year by year, however, there are many new claimants for admission to such a record, and Mr. Cates has again brought his work abreast of the day by publishing a new edition, with a supplement containing the lives of eminent persons who have passed away in the interval. All that need be said is that the new matter bears the same character of careful thoroughness as the original volume. The supplement may be obtained in a detached form.

It is an old complaint that colonial questions do not receive sufficient attention in this country, and it must be admitted that this is unfortunately in some degree true. This apparent indifference, however, does not proceed from any want of regard for, or sympathy with, the colonies, but only from the imperfect and unattractive form in which information about them is usually conveyed. If the colonies, with their busy, varied life, and steady progress, were better known, they would excite deeper and more general interest; and thus the Royal Colonial Institute‡, by its papers and discussions, renders an important service in enlightening the public mind on this class of subjects. In the present volume of the Proceedings of the Society we have, among other interesting papers, one by Mr. F. W. Chesson taking a hopeful view of the prospects of Fiji, and another by Mr. A. Michie, Agent-General of Victoria, on the expediency of annexing New Guinea, which, though it leaves room for grave doubts as to the propriety of the policy recommended, brings together a good deal of curious information as to the present condition of that country, and the rapid development of new settlements under similar conditions. Mr. T. B. Glanville gives an account of the present state of affairs in South Africa, urging confederation, and a systematic effort to secure the co-operation of the aborigines. One of the most important and instructive papers, however, is that of Mr. H. Strangways, Attorney-General of South Australia, entitled "Forty Years Since and Now," which presents a striking view of the growth of commercial relations between the mother-country and the colonies during that period. The colonies imported in 1835 goods to the amount of 11,758,000*l.*, which in 1872-3 had increased to 113,339,000*l.* The exports in 1835 were 12,829,000*l.*, and in 1872-3 113,525,000*l.*, making an increase in the total trade of nearly two hundred millions sterling;

* *The History of France. Related for the Rising Generation.* By M. Guizot. Translated by Robert Black. Vol. IV. Sampson Low & Co.

† *A Dictionary of General Biography.* Edited by W. L. R. Cates. Second Edition. Longmans & Co.

‡ *Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute.* Vol. VI., 1874-5. Published by the Institute.

whilst the shipping employed had grown from 6,061,000 tons in 1835 to 32,434,000 tons in 1872, out of which no less than 24,434,000 were British ships. While India, with a population of more than 190,000,000, had in 1872 a trade with England of only 107,319,000*l.*, or about 11*s.* a head, Australia, with a population of 2,250,000, had a trade of 67,993,000*l.*, or more than 28*l.* per head. On the other hand, the total cost of the colonies to England in 1872-3 was only 1,817,471*l.*, or, deducting the charges for military and naval stations, the West Coast of Africa, and Imperial prisoners in Western Australia, 545,500*l.* for all other expenses on account of colonies, plantations, or settlements, some of these being really incurred for Imperial rather than local purposes.

Mr. Francis Adams, Secretary of the "National Education League," has written an account of the free-school system in operation in the United States*, which derives especial interest from the prominence which the question appears to be assuming in the great electoral contest now impending. Mr. Adams, whose views are of course those of an avowed partisan, holds that the religious difficulty will have to be dealt with. "The attempt to find a common religious ground cannot be said to have succeeded"; and though the question remains unsettled, "it is a growing opinion that the common school, to be preserved, must be placed on a distinctly secular basis." At present the decentralization of the American system is excessive, and leads to inefficiency in certain cases; but Mr. Adams thinks it highly improbable that any radical change will be made, since the principle of State sovereignty is so rooted in the American mind. Still, something may be done to supplement the principle of local government by giving adequate power to the Executive of the State to meet those cases in which, from public apathy or other causes, the local authorities fail to perform their duties. It is also under consideration whether the State taxes, which provide a considerable part of the school income, could not be administered by a State department under some such scheme as the English. Mr. Adams looks forward to direct compulsion as the only way of securing attendance, indirect compulsion having been tried and failed. The period of school attendance is being gradually lengthened throughout the Union, and in this respect the spirit of the people goes ahead of the law, the school terms in many of the States being longer than the statutory periods. Hitherto the chief aim of the schools has been to provide a good secular education, leaving religious instruction to the churches and Sunday Schools. The schools have generally been opened by some short religious exercise—the reading of the Bible, prayer, or singing a hymn—and the great majority of Americans would be content with this if it were not for the Roman Catholic element. Large numbers of schools, including all those of such cities as Cincinnati and St. Louis, are wholly secular already, and the same movement has commenced in Chicago. There is in the States generally a want of training-schools for teachers; and the shortness of the school-term and the low rate of salaries help to keep the profession of teachers below its proper level; on the other hand, the standing of teachers is socially high. Women are extensively employed in education; but pupil-teachers are regarded with little favour. What, in Mr. Adams's opinion, gives the American system a great hold on the people is that the schools are free, and the people feel that they belong to themselves. As no demand has as yet been made for free food following upon free schools, Mr. Adams ridicules the idea that the latter tend to develop communistic desires; but the principle is of course the same.

We have already spoken of the new Aldine Edition of Shakespeare†, revised and annotated by Mr. Singer, as the issue of the volumes has been going on; it is now completed in ten volumes, of a very convenient and satisfactory kind, with clear type, good paper, and just enough editing. The size commends itself to those who like to make a pocket companion of the poet, and yet relish the luxury of good typography. Mr. Singer is an editor of the cautious and sober class, who is more anxious to show his loyal respect for Shakespeare than to air fancies and conjectures of his own. Altogether it is an edition which may be highly recommended. We are sorry, however, that we cannot say much for the Critical Essays by Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, which were printed as appendices to the several plays in Mr. Singer's early edition, and are now set apart in a volume by themselves, so that they may be taken or left at choice. They are very limp and prosy, and the extremely minute type in which they are printed is of itself sufficient to deter any one from wasting eye-sight on them.

There is genial mirth and keen observation of character in Mr. Seudamore's *Day Dreams*‡; but, though they might pass very well as the casual relaxation of a busy man, they are rather too light and trivial for republication in a volume. The author tells us that, like the humourist on whom he models his style, he is a bad sleeper, and consequently an early riser; and that, in the course of his wanderings in the "dappled dawn," he has had some curious experiences, which he proceeds to relate in a way that would be more funny if fun were less fatiguingly aimed at. The adventures

* *The Free-School System in the United States.* By Francis Adams. Chapman & Hall.

† *The Dramatic Works of William Shakespeare.* The Text carefully Revised, with Notes, by S. W. Singer. Vols. IX. and X. G. Bell & Sons.

‡ *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.* By W. Watkiss Lloyd. G. Bell & Son.

§ *The Day Dreams of a Sleepless Man.* By Frank Ives Seudamore, C.B. Griffith & Farren.

here recorded seem to have lain chiefly in France, and one of the best bits of the book is the arrest of the writer and a companion by the French police, on account of a visit to St. Pol—a mystery, which nobody at St. Pol could fathom, since there is nothing whatever there to attract a tourist. They were pounced upon at the barber's by a gendarme, armed with a large black portfolio, who demanded their papers. They replied that they had none, and when they added that they had come to St. Pol for pleasure, his countenance became very thoughtful. He made extensive notes in his black portfolio, and finally invited the two Englishmen to wait on Monsieur le Procureur. The Procureur was much too deep a man not to detect mischief. It was incredible, he said, that they should have got up so early in the morning and left home without luggage and without a larger supply of funds—they had come from a neighbouring district on a day's ramble—and all for the sake of seeing such a place as St. Pol. And when he discovered that they had a map and note-books his worst suspicions were of course confirmed, and it was with some difficulty that they got away. We need not go into the incident in detail, though it is very amusingly told; indeed we mention it chiefly because it illustrates the way in which Englishmen are very apt to get into troubles of this kind. When the author went to see the Procureur the latter kept his seat without asking his visitor to take a chair too; and so the Briton, to show his independence, took one for himself and motioned to his companion to do the same. This was no doubt something that seemed very clever at the moment, but they had to pay for it, as the effect was to set the Procureur against them from the first.

Rather more than a quarter of a century ago Mr. Spicer had three or four plays* brought out at different theatres, and some of them were even revived for a second course of performance. There was at that time still a lingering remnant of good working actors of the old school on the stage, who were no doubt capable of making the best of a bad piece; and from the casts of his plays, it would seem that Mr. Spicer was fortunate in some of those whose services he obtained. We cannot say that we have any recollection of ever hearing of these pieces, and it may be presumed that they made little impression at the time and were soon forgotten. They served their purpose in being acted, and they might very well have been left to the repose of the prompter's cupboard. Indeed, if Mr. Spicer had not been so unwise as to reprint them, he might have passed for a successful dramatist on the strength of their having once been performed. Unfortunately a "kindly remark" by the critic of the *Times*, in noticing a play by some other author, that Mr. Spicer's pieces deserved to be better remembered, suggested the present publication. We cannot say that we have read it all through, for that would have been too severe an ordeal, but we have read a good deal of it, and the impression produced is one of extreme surprise that such skimble-skamble stuff should ever have been accepted by any body of players, or endured by any audience. Mr. Spicer has a ready command of strong language, and rattles on in a jerky, jolting way that sets the reader's teeth on edge; and as he is equally destitute of poetical feeling and dramatic grasp of character, there is really nothing to compensate one for the unpleasantness of his style. We shall, however, be consoled for our own penance if the warning we give saves any one from a similar infliction.

Mr. Horne has prepared a remodelled edition of a tragedy called *Cosmo de Medici*† which he wrote some twenty-five years ago—"the construction being altered throughout, a few scenes cancelled, and several new scenes interpolated." It contains some good passages, full of force and dignity, but there is a want of artistic development both in the incidents and characters of the piece. Although the tragedy is said to be historical, and historical persons are introduced, Mr. Horne has exercised his own invention pretty freely in working out the plot.

It is always satisfactory to find any traces of culture in a hard-working community where material wants are somewhat pressing; and Mr. Fimmamore's *Carpio*‡, which reaches us from Melbourne, is creditable in itself, if only as an example of intellectual relaxation. The subject of his drama is the Spanish legend of Bernardo del Carpio, and his treatment of it, though somewhat crude, is not without spirit.

Mr. Earle has already, it appears, acquired some reputation as a sonneteer in Roman Catholic circles, but if his previous writings, with which we are unacquainted, are no better than his present volume, we are afraid that sectarian enthusiasm has been accepted by his admirers as a substitute for poetical capacity. *Light Leading unto Light*§ is certainly of the rushlight sort. The dedication to Dr. Newman makes the feebleness of the verse more conspicuous.

Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, as one of the referees appointed by the Local Government Board to inquire into local disputes, has, in annotating the Public Health Act||, the advantage of professional experience in regard to its operation. He has shown discretion not only in making such notes and cases as he gives as clear and simple as possible, so that any ordinary reader may understand them with-

out difficulty, but also in giving only such as are really required. It is a common error with some commentators to obscure the law which they undertake to interpret by overloading it with superfluous or irrelevant explanations; and those who wish a concise, straightforward digest of the law have reason to be thankful to Mr. Fitzgerald for his judicious reticence and simplicity. What adds greatly to the value of such a work is a thoroughly good index.

Mr. Chambers, who has brought out a new edition—a seventh—of his *Digest** of Sanitary Law based on the recent Consolidation Act, has gone on a somewhat different principle from Mr. Fitzgerald, holding that it is "preferable to err on the side of undue comprehensiveness." As a handy-book Mr. Fitzgerald's is more convenient; but for those who care to go more elaborately into the various matters, Mr. Chambers's digest will satisfy the most robust appetite in that way. His volume is of imposing size and large type, and gives a good deal of information as to rating, extending beyond the limits of the Public Health Act, which will be useful to Poor-law officials.

There is perhaps no more vain and futile branch of literature than books which attempt to give by the mere use of adjectives any idea of the infinite varieties of flavour and other qualities in different wines.† Mr. Vizetelly, though he figured as "Wine Juror for Great Britain" at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, does not appear to have any practical or professional acquaintance with the subject, and has produced what can be regarded as only a literary compilation of the ordinary hack kind.

Messrs. Mulhall, the editors and proprietors of the *Buenos Ayres Standard*, have compiled a very complete and useful *Handbook of the River Plate Republics*‡, comprising Buenos Ayres and the provinces of the Argentine Republic and the Republics of Uruguay and Paraguay. It takes up the tourist or emigrant at the beginning of his voyage, and conducts him over the whole of the River Plate region. The Argentine Republic ranks next to Brazil among South American nations, and is, we are assured, a long way ahead of all the sister Republics in extent and importance, trade, revenue, intellectual cultivation, and the number of British settlers; in climate and soil it is vouched for as "the most favoured part of the habitable globe." Buenos Ayres is said to be the finest city in South America, though in commerce second to Rio Janeiro. It enjoys a delightful climate—that is, delightful to those who enjoy it—and the stranger finds himself at once at home, as he can procure admission by a visitor's ticket to all the clubs and societies in the city. Indeed there seems to be a fine spirit of liberality in Buenos Ayres, the hotels supplying French wine without charge, and the *Standard* inserting advertisements gratis for poor emigrants in search of employment. Still, even Buenos Ayres is not altogether perfect; there are frequent changes of temperature from hour to hour, and you must dress accordingly; many cases of lock-jaw occur from a mere scratch not being attended to, and you have to be very careful as to your manner of living. The Pampas form an unbroken plain in the centre of the Republic, and serve as the undisputed hunting ground of numerous Indian tribes, who often devastate the frontier farms. The Republic of Uruguay is the smallest independent State of South America, but one of the most favoured in point of climate, soil, and geographical position. Its capital, Monte Video, is, if not so fine as Buenos Ayres, the "cleanest, handsomest, and healthiest city in the continent." Paraguay has pretty well gone to pieces, only some scattered remnants of the people having survived the destructive wars of 1865-69. It is now "a kind of Republic under Brazilian protection." The *Handbook* is illustrated with some good maps.

Whatever may be thought of Freemasonry§ generally, there can be no doubt that the British Lodges lately placed themselves in an entirely false position by allowing themselves to be identified with secret Societies on the Continent which, under a similar title, pursue objects of a very different kind from those of our simple and innocent-minded countrymen. The Bishop of Orleans, who has just published a fierce denunciation of Freemasonry, has no difficulty in showing that in France, Italy, and elsewhere the Freemasons are constantly found associated with atheistic and revolutionary principles, and that, in fact, the very name has acquired a proverbial significance in that sense; and English Freemasons who extend to them what is called the hand of fellowship must of course expect to be credited with similar designs. That this is not so is of course perfectly well known here, but it is not so well known abroad, and our countrymen have therefore very foolishly gone out of their way to discredit their order. At the same time, however, all Freemasons are equally obnoxious to the Roman Catholic Church on other grounds, inasmuch as the secrecy of their proceedings is a repudiation of its own pretensions to supreme authority. From their own point of view, Roman Catholic prelates are perfectly reasonable and consistent in their opposition to Freemasonry, even in its most innocent forms, just as they are in condemning every other organization which does not submit to them without any reserve.

* *Acted Dramas*. By Henry Spicer. Chapman & Hall.

† *Cosmo de Medici: an Historical Tragedy; and other Poems*. By Richard Hengist Horne. Geo. Rivers.

‡ *Carpio*. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By John Fimmamore. Melbourne: G. Robertson.

§ *Light Leading unto Light*. A series of Sonnets and Poems. By J. C. Earle. Burns & Oates.

|| *The Public Health Act, 1875; with Short Explanatory Notes*. By J. V. Vesey Fitzgerald. Longmans.

* *A Digest of the Law relating to Public Health and Local Government*. By G. F. Chambers. Seventh Edition. Stevens & Son; Knight & Co.

† *The Wines of the World Characterized and Classified, with some Particulars respecting the Beers of Europe*. By Henry Vizetelly. Ward, Lock, & Tylor.

‡ *Handbook of the River Plate Republics*. By M. G. & E. T. Mulhall. E. Stanford.

§ *A Study of Freemasonry*. By Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. Burns & Oates.

The Cobden Club has published a Report * of the speeches at its latest annual dinner, together with some correspondence on the prospects of Free-trade in Germany, Austria, Italy, the United States, Australia, and a discussion on treaties of commerce at a meeting of the Political Societies at Paris.

An interesting statement of the Free-trade controversy, as bearing on the Australian colonies, will be found in a pamphlet by Mr. G. H. Reid †, addressed to the electors of Victoria. Mr. Reid is a strong Free-trader.

* *Free-trade and the European Treaties of Commerce.* Cobden Club Proceedings. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

† *Five Free-trade Essays.* By Geo. H. Reid. Melbourne: Gordon & Gotch.

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